



No. 437.—VOL. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12. 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS FLORENCE COLLINGBOURN (FAMOUS AS SAN TOY, OF DALY'S),

WHO GOES TO THE GAIETY TO PLAY THE LEADING LADY'S PART IN THE NEW BIARRITZ MUSICAL COMEDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The King and the Presentation of Medals—The Duke of Cornwall and York in Auckland—The American Week—Kaid Maclean—Death of Lord Wantage, Sir Walter Besant, and Robert Buchanan.*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING will this (Wednesday) morning accomplish what is no ordinary feat of endurance, for to hand three thousand medals to the same number of officers and men means three hours of continuous muscular motion. Many of the duties that Royalty is called upon to perform are of a very exhausting nature. To stand at a Levée or Drawing-Room and bow to each person who passes, or to sit in a carriage during a long drive and to bow perpetually, first to one side, then to the other, are both very trying exercises and weary both nerves and muscles. I do not think that there has ever before in England been a presentation by the Sovereign of so large a number of medals at one time, and the preliminary arrangements of the parade have to be correct to the most minute detail. Each medal has cut into its rim the name, number, and regiment of its recipient, and, should a man be absent whose medal is on the table, the whole sequence might be disorganized. Of late years, most soldiers decorated with a war-medal have had it sent to them by post, packed in a cardboard box, with a request that the receipt should be acknowledged. The difference felt by the recipient in receiving it from the hands of the Sovereign I need not dilate on.

While the King will be distributing the South African medals to his British Regulars and Volunteers in London, the Duke of Cornwall and York, on the other side of the world, will be performing a parallel graceful ceremony, much to the delight of those patriotic New Zealanders who gave their aid in fighting the battles of the Mother Country against the Boers. Auckland, where the Duke and Duchess first set their feet in the newest of the new worlds, is a splendidly picturesque town, the largest city of New Zealand, and at one time the seat of the Government. It lies on a narrow isthmus, washed by the eastern and the western seas, and everywhere in the landscape rise the cones of extinct volcanoes.

Last week was undoubtedly the American week in London, for our cousins across the seas won both the Derby and the Oaks, the great dinner to the New York Chamber of Commerce was given in the Grocers' Hall, the details of Mr. Carnegie's magnificent gift to Scotland were made known, and there was more than one announcement of American victories in the commercial world. Mr. Whitney celebrated his victory by giving the American racing public the free run of a race-track's bars, where Huggins' punch and champagne flowed freely.

Mr. Foxhall Keene is said to have the intention of dividing the Oaks stakes between British and American charities. Mr. Whitney I have never met. Mr. Foxhall Keene, who is the owner of Cap and Bells II., knows England so thoroughly and is so much at home in our midst that he cannot be called a stranger. He looks more like a typical young Englishman than a typical young American, and his principal amusement is found in the hunting-field and on the polo-ground.

I believe that I am correct in writing that Sir Thomas Lipton was at one time within measurable distance of becoming the owner of the Derby winner. An offer of £15,000, and £5000 more if the horse won the Derby, was made, I am told, to Lady Meux on Sir Thomas's behalf, but was, on consideration, declined. To win the Derby and the America Cup in one year would be a splendid record.

Our Morocco visitors have come amongst us in most picturesque garb, and are now seeing the sights of London, amongst them the Household Cavalry's riding-schools and the Military Tournament at Islington. The Embassy has amongst its members one to whom the sound of the bagpipes will call up old memories, for Kaid Maclean, the Moorish Commander-in-Chief (whose portrait is given, with that of the Sultan, on the opposite page) wore the tartan and the kilt in a Highland regiment before he entered the Shereefian service, and his heart is still with the old flag, for his son wears a sword in His Majesty's service and is now doing his duty gallantly in South Africa. Kaid Maclean has, in the twenty-five years of his command of the Moorish Army, made it a fighting machine not to be at all despised, as any Power will find which tries to annex the Empire, now a very Naboth's vineyard on the south shore of the Mediterranean. He has also shown much hospitality to his countrymen who have visited the country, and many a young officer on leave from Gibraltar or Malta has found his way in Morocco made easy and a chance given him of shooting some big game through the kindness of the ex-Highland officer.

The Kaid, with his flowing robes, sun-browned face, and white beard, looks a typical Moor; but a very warm-hearted Scotchman is to be found under the Oriental exterior.

The death of Lord Wantage was learnt with deepest regret in the Service Clubs. A gallant soldier and true patriot, Robert James Loyd-Lindsay won the V.C. when a young officer in the Scots Fusiliers for deeds of valour at Alma and Inkerman, and took the greatest interest in the Volunteer movement. He was created a Peer in 1881. As Chairman of the English Red Cross Society, the nobleman for whom we mourn also did memorable service. The literature of the Victorian age lost two of its most brilliant celebrities by the passing away about the same time of Sir Walter Besant (the writer's staunch champion) and of Mr. Robert Buchanan, poet, dramatist, and novelist.

## SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S MISSION TO THE KING.

## A LETTER FROM HIS PHOTOGRAPHER.

KING EDWARD on Monday received Kaid Maclean and the other members of the Special Embassy sent by the Sultan of Morocco to offer congratulations to His Majesty on his accession to the Throne. Apropos, *The Sketch* has the pleasure of publishing the following letter and accompanying photographs from Mr. John Avery—

"To proceed to Marrakesh, or Morocco City, and there to take up a post as photographic instructor to the young Sultan, is a big undertaking, and one not to be entered upon without a certain amount of careful thought. When I arrived at Mazagan, I found that

## KAID MACLEAN,

under whose auspices I was going, had sent tents, mules, and soldiers. After careful inspection of the soldiers, I came to the conclusion they were undoubtedly fearsome objects to look at, with a particularly cut-throat appearance; but I was assured by Mr. Spinney, the British Vice-Consul at Mazagan, that in their charge I should be perfectly safe. The journey from Mazagan to Marrakesh occupied four days, and to me, not being able at that time to speak a word of Arabic, was fearfully monotonous. The Moors have no idea of time or distance; everything is a long way, or else 'creeba,' or very near. When two days' journey from Marrakesh, I was told it was 'creeba.' After crossing a range of mountains,

## MARRAKESH THE RED,

is seen to lie nestling at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, with the great tower of the Kütübiya Mosque rising in its centre. I got to the town about two o'clock, and, after a weird journey through mazy streets, filthy alleys, and dirty side-walks, arrived in the Grand Square, where Kaid Maclean's house is situated. A few minutes after my arrival, I was conscious of an escort of soldiers, &c., galloping up at a distance. As they drew nearer, I noticed an unmistakably British personage riding.

## IT WAS THE KAID.

With a hearty shake of the hand, 'Pleased to see you,' 'Come up to lunch,' 'Like to wash your hands?' and I was in the Kaid's house, once more with my knees under an English table and partaking of English cooking. After lunch, I was informed that I had to go off 'Daab-daab,' or right away, to see the Sultan, who had inquired for me several times that day. The Kaid is a man simply brimming over with energy, so, with a 'Well, Avery, my boy, you have got to go to the Palace at once, and there's a good horse for you at the door,' in two or three seconds I was seated on a real Moorish Barb, flying at full speed, really to the Palace, but, in my mind, to perdition. The Kaid, with his usual impatient vivacity, explained to me as we walked through the courtyard that I should salute kneeling down, touch the ground with my forehead, and, after standing up again, salute once more. A minute after, and I was in the presence of His Majesty, and I did my first and possibly the only salute I shall ever make. I found, instead of the splendidly garbed Oriental monarch my fancy had conjured up,

## A RATHER STOUT, LANGUID MOOR,

dressed entirely in white, without a jewel of any shape or form about his person. He greeted me, not as an Emperor would be expected to do so, but rather as one friend would another, and the first five minutes were taken up as to my wearing apparel, whether I was married, likely to be married, my age, what I could do, what I had done, and what I was going to do. Then, with his true kindness of heart, he said—

"You must be tired. I will excuse you until eleven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"The Kaid saw me out of the Palace, placed me in charge of his soldiers, and I flung my leg over my little 'Fireworks,' and rode back to the Kaid's house with my brain awhirl.

"After I had been in attendance upon the Sultan for a few days, I lost the nervousness I had felt when ushered into his presence for the first time, and found, instead of having to teach a despotic Monarch, I had simply met with another friend. The Sultan is a man of limited education, but he picks up things in which he is interested very quickly. In less than a month he was

## QUITE A CAPABLE PHOTOGRAPHER,

and so wildly infatuated with it that he could practically think of but little else. He said that I was to teach him English, and he, in his turn, would teach me Arabic, the result being about two or three words a-day, which each of us acquired. He gave me every facility, and said that I could photograph when and where I liked about the town, and I certainly think that without his permission it would have been absolutely impossible for me to make the large number of negatives that I brought back with me. The attitude of the people towards the camera and its worker when I first arrived there was far from being pleasant. Mohammedan religion strongly prohibits the portrayal of life in any shape or form, either by means of the camera or the pencil, with the result that, on my first expedition in and about the town, the sight of the camera caused every Moor to immediately cover up his face, and the boys to shout out in Arabic—

## LONG LIVE ALLAH!

Allah is the only true God! This is an unbeliever and a Nazarene! The boys' chorus was accompanied by showers of small stones. After a

few weeks, however, the Moorish subjects managed to find out why I was in the town, and also that I was the protégé of their god and master, the Sultan, the result being that, although never liking the camera, they did all they could to assist me in any way.

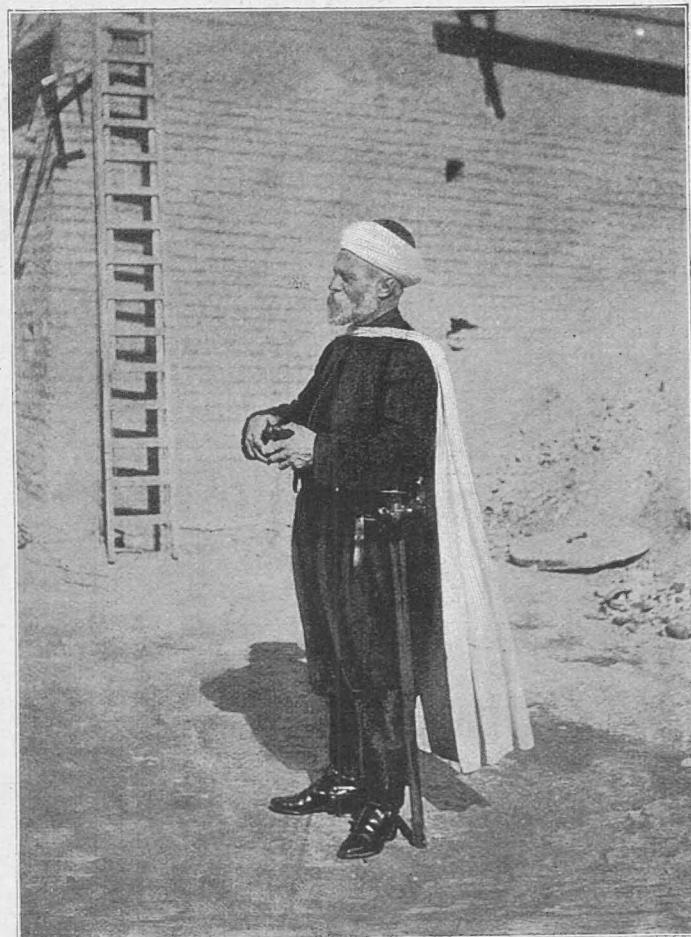
"Marrakesh is an exceptionally dirty town, and, from an architectural point, practically in ruins. I was invited to dine with El Fokee,

to me, seemed very much upset, and the last two or three weeks was a particularly mournful time for him, as he used to tick the days off one by one, turn round, and say, 'Avery, swear, swear, London. Seedi swallow,' which means that I should soon go to London, whilst he was imprisoned in the Palace and could not leave. This was accompanied by a mournful look round, as much as to say that Avery would go back



MULEY ABDUL AZIZ, SULTAN OF MOROCCO. THIS IS THE ONLY PORTRAIT EVER TAKEN OF H.I.M. WITH A CYCLE.

or the Minister of War. He is the greatest man in the country after the Sultan, and for the first time in my life I had the opportunity, I cannot say pleasure, of dining in a truly Moorish fashion, which, translated, means sitting on the floor with four or five dusky Moors round a small table, about eight inches high, on which the slaves place huge dishes of baked and boiled meats, mostly very sweet, interspersed with savoury dishes of every description, from stuffed almond-cake down to sweetened 'Coura Sou,' the national dish. As the time approached for my leaving, the Sultan, apparently having taken a great liking



KAID MACLEAN, C.M.G., WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THE MISSION TO THE KING OF ENGLAND.

to London and be able to see everything, while he, the Sultan, could only look at four bare walls. There was a touch of pathos which made me pity this man, who has grown up full of European notions, and, owing to the great number of cinematograph photographs which I had shown him, has a knowledge of some other places besides Morocco, but at the same time, owing to the reverence by which he is worshipped, is unable to leave the country of his birth. On my parting with him for the last time, he shook hands and wished me a pleasant journey, and said he wished to see me again very soon."

JOHN H. AVERY.



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S CRACK CORPS: FORMING BRITISH SQUARE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. AVERY, STRAND.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*The Favourite Wins—What's in a Name?—“Bottle o' Whisky”—The New Route to Tattenham Corner—Derby and Oaks Records—Yorkshire in Fine Form—The King's Toy Bulldog.*

**T**HE FAVOURITE WINS!" This was the cry both at the Derby and at the Oaks, and no pleasanter sound is ever heard on those historic occasions by "The Man in the Street." For "The Man in the Street" never backs any but the favourite. He it is who makes the favourite, and, of course, he backs him, for it is by the support of "The Man in the Street" that horses rise or fall in the betting. And it was possible to get fairly decent odds, too; there was no odds-on favourite luckily in either event except in the Oaks for a place, and so "The Man in the Street" was content. The favourite is the fancy of the majority, but there should always be a sufficient number of clever people who know a dead certainty to give a spice to the performance.

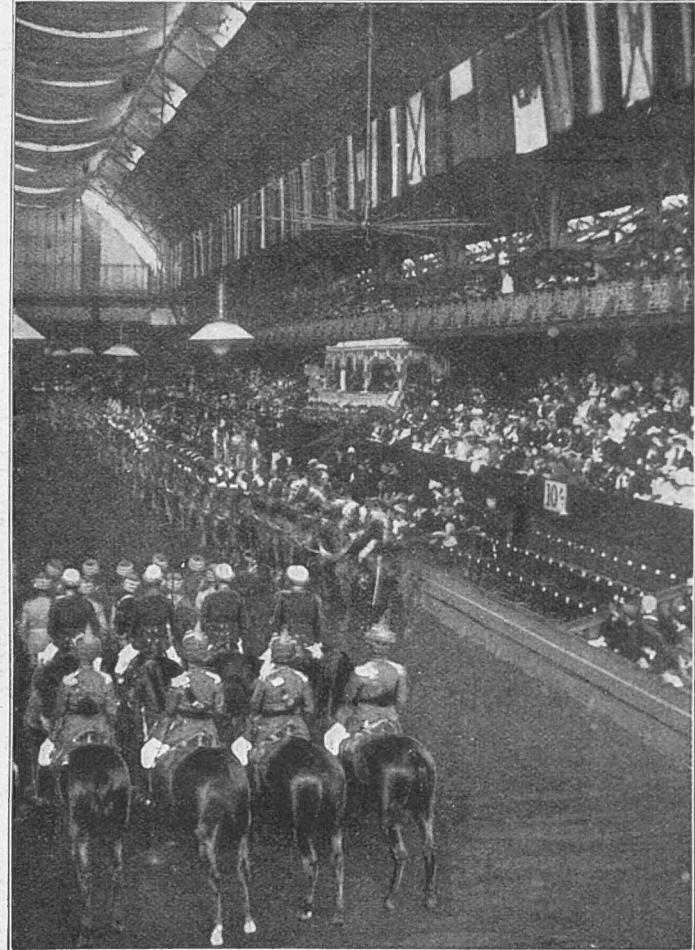
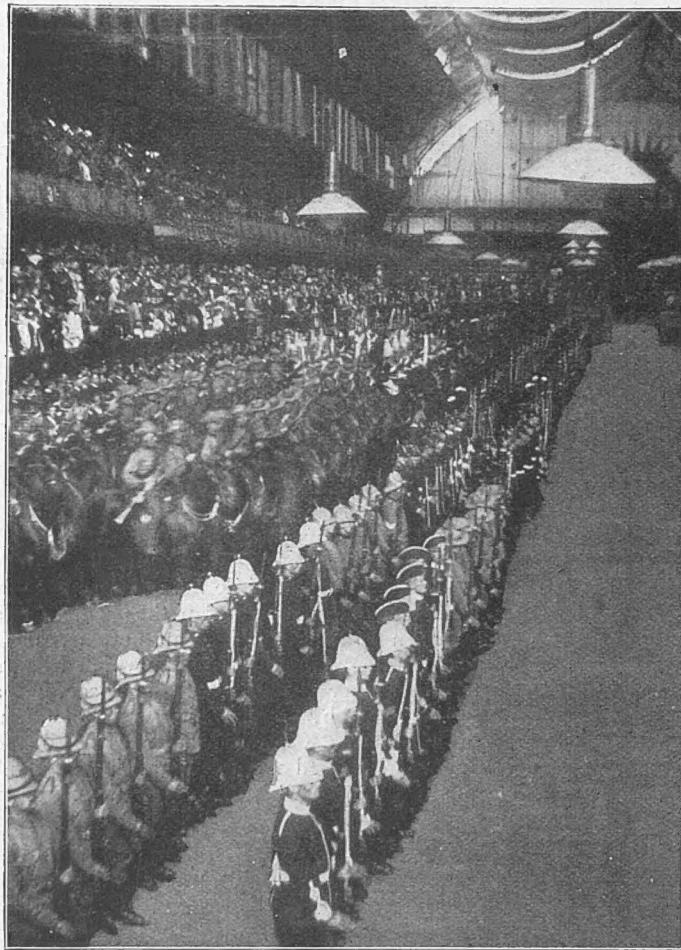
Volodyovski was called a Russian by some and a Yankee by others, and yet, as a matter of fact, he was neither one nor the other, but a

was no falling off in the other modes of conveyance. There was a new way of going down, and more people went. That was all.

"Bottle o' Whisky," as I suppose the Derby winner will be called, did record time, 2 min. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec., and, curiously enough, the next shortest times were those done by the King's horses, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee. As for slow times, Sir Bevys, in 1879, was the last horse who took more than three minutes, though he was by no means the only horse who took over two minutes and three-quarters, or thereabouts.

Cap and Bells in the Oaks took about the average time, or, perhaps, a little less, the fastest time of recent years being 2 min. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec. by Memoir in 1890, which, curiously enough, is the exact time taken by the Derby winner this year. As in the case of the Derby, too, the number of starters was far greater than the average, and it is something like half-a-century since one-and-twenty starters went to the post for the Oaks. There was almost as big a crowd on Friday as there was on Wednesday, and the chief difference was that the course was burned a light brown instead of being green, and that the dust was even worse and hung in a haze over everything. I hope that Kempton Cannon has suffered no permanent ill-effects from his fall, and that T. Weldon is now progressing satisfactorily.

## THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT ISLINGTON.



IN HONOUR OF THE KING: THE GRAND "AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH" SPECTACLE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "RECRUITOGRAPH" COMPANY.

plain, good English colt. His sire is the King's Florizel II., and he was bred by Lady Meux. She leased the horse to Lord William Beresford, and on his death to Mr. W. C. Whitney; but the fact that he was leased to an American does not make him an American horse, any more than his queer-looking name makes him a Russian. He did not begin his career very brilliantly, for in his first two races he was unplaced; but he will improve, I am told, and may be expected to turn out a grand horse in the future. The chief thing against the colt is the difficulty of pronouncing his name. By the way, this year's Derby was the first at which the starting-gate has been used, and, as there was a field of twenty-five, it was, perhaps, just as well that the horses were not left to be started in the old-fashioned way. The field was the largest since 1867, when thirty started.

And what a crowd there was on the Downs last Wednesday. Pretty nearly a record, I should think, and, no doubt, the new line of railway which lands you at Tattenham Corner had something to do with it, as well as the fine weather. It is a great comfort to be landed almost on the course itself, and not to have to climb up a long and dusty hill to the Grand Stand. I do not know any hill dustier than that leading up to the Epsom Downs on a dry Derby Day. All the dust in creation seems to get there, and the long slope seems as if it never would come to an end. But, though the Tattenham Corner line was crowded, there

Yorkshire are in fine form this season, and are, so far, unbeaten. The meeting between them and Middlesex at the end of last week at Lord's was interesting because both counties were then unbeaten, though Yorkshire had, of course, by far the better position, as they had won all seven of the matches they had played, while Middlesex had played only two matches, winning one and drawing the other. By their defeat of Middlesex, Yorkshire continue their record, while the Metropolitan county falls into the category of beaten teams. Yorkshire look like being Champion County easily this year, and, with the long list of victories they have already compiled, it will need a severe run of ill-luck, and a wonderful run of good-luck on the part of some other eleven, to depose them. By the way, it was rather hard lines to placard London with Abel's "ducks" last week; but, after all, the Surrey man may take it as a compliment. There are not many cricketers whose manufacture of a "duck" is of sufficient importance to startle all London.

A photograph of Miss Maud Earl's painting of the King's toy bulldog appeared in last week's *Sketch*. It is to be regretted it was inaccurately stated that it was reproduced by the accomplished painter's permission. That was an error on the part of one of our contributors. Miss Earl points out that she could not give the consent, as the picture belongs to His Majesty. The King, however, graciously consented to allow the picture to be reproduced. All's well that ends well.

## "INSPIRATION," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

THE Alhambra's latest effort in ballet takes uncommon though pleasing form. It suggests the mythological ballet of which "Orfeo" may be accepted as the best specimen, and it combines singing and dialogue with much pure ballet-dancing. While the admirers of more orthodox productions can hardly reconcile themselves to the introduction of the human voice, it is for the larger section of the public that cares more for amusement than tradition to say how far it is permissible. Certainly the Alhambra Choir does its work very well, and Miss Audrey Stafford, to whom most of the singing falls, has a very acceptable voice.

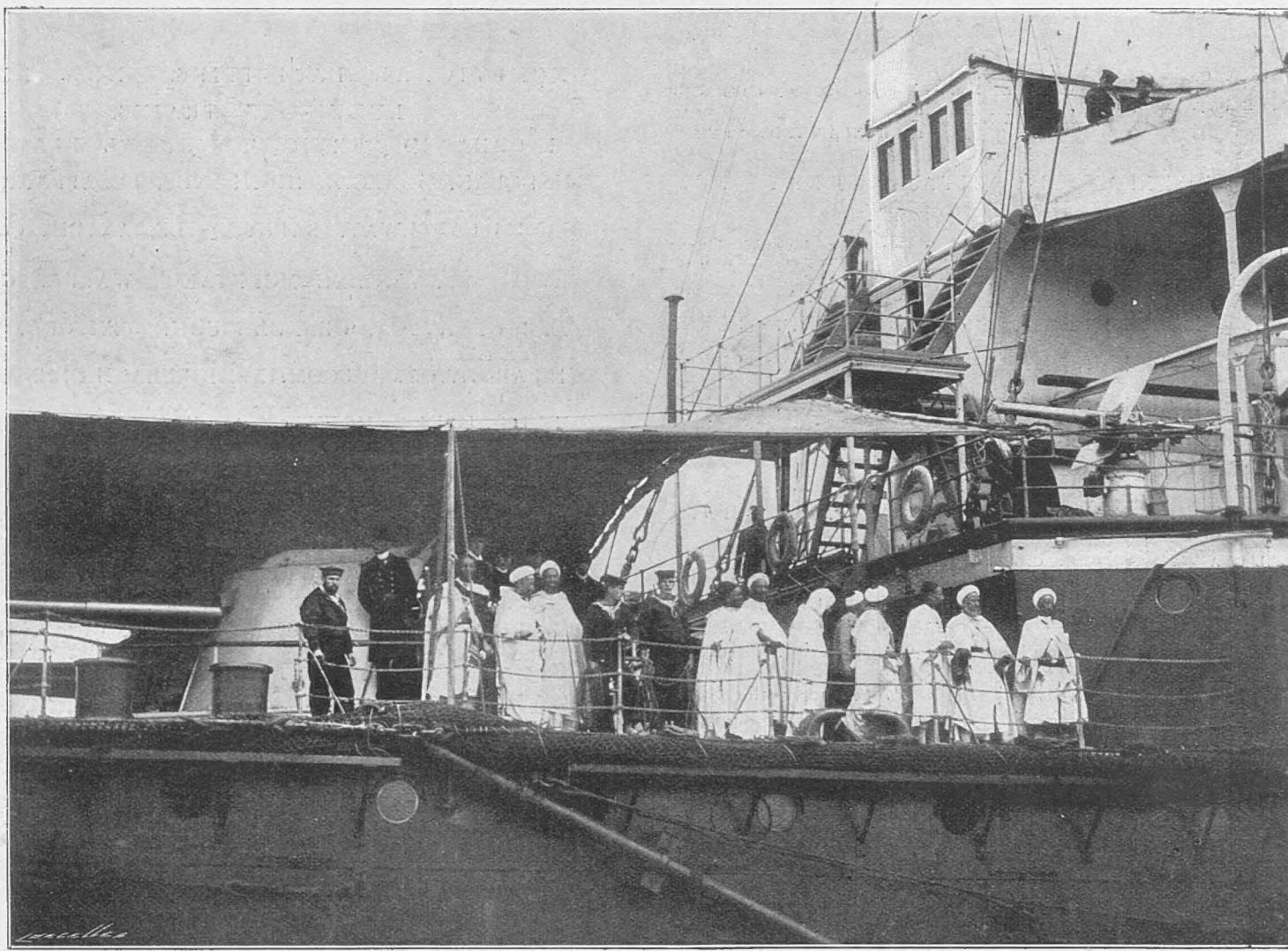
Mr. Malcolm Watson's story is a simple one, telling how the Goddess of Inspiration convinced certain Bacchanalians that her influence upon the world for good was greater than their Master's influence for evil. For purposes of proof, she shows how she has inspired Shakspere's "Tempest," Milton's "L'Allegro," and Sir E. T. Poynter's picture, "A Greek Dance." As is the case in nine ballets out of ten, individual achievements leave more impression upon the spectator than the story. The first call for admiration is made by Mr. Ryan's delightful scene depicting a Temple in the Realms of Imagination. I cannot recall a

## SUMMER AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

ON the first day after the Whitsuntide recess, Mr. John Dillon appeared in the House of Commons wearing a white hat. There were sarcastic suggestions that he had been at the Derby, but such suggestions were scouted by his friends. Other daring members wore light-grey suits, and there were many waistcoats of summer hues. The House is, as a rule, such a sombre scene that any relief from the black coats and hats is welcome.

## ASCOT RACES.

Passengers who purpose visiting Ascot on June 18, 19, 20, and 21, and intend to travel by the Great Western Railway to Windsor and thence through the charming scenery of Windsor Great Park, are informed that, in addition to the ordinary train-service on each of the race-days, special fast trains, at ordinary fares, for Windsor will leave Paddington at convenient times, returning in the evening, and that well-appointed four-horse brakes will be provided to convey passengers from Windsor Station to the course and back. Daily excursions are



ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S MISSION TO KING EDWARD: THE EMBASSY ON BOARD H.M.S. "DIADEM" AT PORTSMOUTH.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

prettier stage-picture in all the years I have known the Alhambra. There is a delightful Bacchanalian dance in which Edith Slack, Nancy Houghton, and Patty Ryder distinguish themselves, while Charles Raymond dances in effective contrast as a Satyr. In connection with the dancing, great praise is due to Signor Carlo Coppi, who has returned to his old place in the house. As the Genius of Inspiration, Miss Judith Espinosa shows once more that she possesses in a very high degree the best qualities of the Italian school of dancing. She is so exquisitely light and graceful that there are moments when the air seems quite able to support her. Mr. Byng has accomplished a difficult task with taste and discretion. He has composed some music that is admirably suited to the ballet, and he has dealt with selections from the work of great composers as well as any man who is called upon to put passages of widely different style into a finale that is written in the tempo of a galop. Down to the finale I have nothing but admiration for the composer, and when the galop comes my admiration is tinged with sympathy.

It is unfair to withhold a word of praise from the rank-and-file of the dancers and chorus, who go through their work with an energy and interest that reflect equal credit upon them and the stage-manager. "Inspiration" is very pretty and very novel; it should also be very popular.

S. L. B.

run from Paddington to Windsor and back at a third-class fare of 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained the day before and each day of the Races at the usual offices.

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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—ASCOT RACES.—On JUNE 18, 19, 20, and 21, SPECIAL and ORDINARY TRAINS (First, Second, Third Class) will leave PADDINGTON for WINDSOR at 7.40, 7.55, 9.8, 9.30, 10.10, 10.30, 10.55, 11, 11.33 a.m., 12.5, 12.25, 1.5, 2.15, and 2.30 p.m.; and on JUNE 19 and 20 ONLY at 9.52 a.m. RETURN FARES, PADDINGTON and WINDSOR, First Class, 5s. 6d.; Second Class, 4s.; Third Class, 3s. 6d. EXCURSIONS EACH DAY, THIRD CLASS RETURN, 2s. 6d.

FOUR-HORSE BRAKES will convey passengers from WINDSOR STATION to the COURSE and BACK on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY at 5s., on THURSDAY at 7s., and on FRIDAY at 4s. J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager

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Sole Lessee and Manager, MRS. LANGTRY.  
A ROYAL NECKLACE.  
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINEES WEDNESDAY at 2.30.  
MRS. LANGTRY as Marie Antoinette and Mlle. Oliva.  
Fiftieth Performance last Tuesday. Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 3193 Gerrard.

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Miniature Railway. Motor Launches.  
THE GIGANTIC WHEEL.  
IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.

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Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

HOSPITAL-SUNDAY, JUNE 16, 1901. Any person unable to attend Divine Worship on that  
day is requested to send his or her Contribution to the Lord Mayor. Cheques and Postal Orders  
should be crossed "Bank of England" and sent to the Mansion House.

ROYAL HORSE SHOW. RICHMOND, SURREY.  
ROYAL HORSE SHOW. RICHMOND, SURREY.  
ROYAL HORSE SHOW. RICHMOND, SURREY.  
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JUNE 14 and 15.  
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	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
Victoria	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
9 25	10 5	10 10	10 40	11 0	11 5	11 15	11 40	12 15
* Kensington	9 10	...	10 15	...	...	...	11 15	...
London Bridge	9 25	...	9 25	...	...	...	12 0	...

• (Addison Road). A.—Sunday, to Hastings, Bexhill, and Eastbourne. B.—Week-days, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). C.—Sunday Cyclists' Train, alternately to Horley, Three Bridges, East Grinstead; or to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley, Horsham. D.—Saturdays, 10s. 6d. First Class Brighton. E—Brighton in 60 Minutes. "Pullman Limited," Sundays in June only, 12s. Brighton and Worthing. F.—Brighton and Worthing, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. (Pullman Car to Brighton). G.—Eastbourne, Sundays, Pullman Car, 12s. First Class, 10s. H.—Brighton, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

DAILY CHEAP RETURN TICKETS (1, 2, 3 Class) London to  
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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

## America at Windsor.

King Edward, accompanied by his beautiful Consort, by Princess Victoria, and the three elder children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall

and York, extended a most cordial and hearty welcome to those delegates of the New York Chamber of Commerce who had the good-fortune to be received at Windsor. Everything which draws closer the bond between this country and America must be hailed with genuine satisfaction by all true Britons, and no one feels this more keenly than does our own wise Monarch, who since the day, now some forty years ago, when he was received with such hearty affection and goodwill in the United States, has never slackened in his liking and respect for the great Transatlantic nation which hails England as the Mother Country. Touching and significant was the fact that the American visitors were allowed to visit the Mausoleum at Frogmore, a favour extended during the last few months only to the nearest relatives and intimate friends of the late Sovereign. Prince Edward is learning to play his Royal rôle very early in life, and those of the American delegates who have children of their own were particularly struck and delighted with the little Prince's charming courtesy of manner and perfect self-possession.

*"The Queen, God Bless Her!"* will rejoice at the return to their midst of Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria. Her Majesty must look back at her first sojourn as Queen at Windsor Castle with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure; but doubtless she will soon grow to love the stately home of British Royalty as truly as did the late Sovereign. At the present moment, two of their Majesties' children are out of the kingdom—the Duke of Cornwall and York, to whom were winged many loving messages of congratulation on his thirty-sixth birthday, and Princess Charles of Denmark, who is spending the summer in her husband's and her mother's native country. There, as soon as the Season is over, Queen Alexandra is eagerly awaited, though it is probable that all Her Majesty's plans will depend on the state of the Empress Frederick. Meanwhile, there is a rumour that King Christian of Denmark may shortly make a brief sojourn in this country. If this comes to pass, we may be sure that our beloved Queen's venerable father will receive an enthusiastic welcome from the British people.

*The King and his Library.* It has been asserted with an authority that

I am able to substantiate that there is no portion of the monarchical establishment at Windsor Castle which King Edward is more pleased at having under his control than the library. It is His Majesty's purpose to make the library in every respect worthy of a King—not, indeed, that the library is not this already, but it will certainly be more so before the reign has much progressed. If there was cause for the complaint that there has been a failure to recognise literature, there are excellent grounds for the belief that we have entered on a new era in this respect. King Edward, though he has no liking for new novels of the moment, reads a good deal. He is, by the way, an ardent admirer of Thomas Hardy, who entered his sixty-second year the other day; the works of Charles Kingsley have always been favourites with the King, and among French writers he holds Balzac in high regard.

The library at Windsor already contains about a hundred thousand volumes, to which additions will continue to be made. Henry VIII. was the first monarch to establish a library at Windsor, and by the time of George II., who handed the books over to the British Museum, there was a considerable collection. William IV. was an indefatigable book-collector, and it was by his orders that the rooms at present occupied as a library were set apart for that purpose. The small libraries, as well as the valuable prints and drawings in the various Royal Palaces, were brought together at Windsor Castle, and thus formed the nucleus of the collection which grew under the fostering care of Prince Albert and the late Sovereign. All that is best in modern literature and many priceless

books of antiquity are comprised in the collection. Particularly interesting and of unique value are Charles the First's copy of Shakspere and the Bible he carried to the scaffold, a splendid copy of the famous Metz Psalter, an original copy of Spenser's "Faëry Queen," and the manuscript of Mozart's first oratorio.

## His Majesty's Librarian.

Mr. Richard R. Holmes, who has held the post of Librarian at Windsor for over thirty years, is in every way admirably adapted for the duties involved in his office. He is distinguished as much for his versatility as he is for his love of books. His father was Assistant Keeper of the Manuscripts at the British Museum, and thither the King's Librarian, who is nearing his sixty-sixth birthday, repaired on the completion of his education. Having a leaning towards archaeology, Mr. Holmes accompanied the Abyssinian Expedition in 1868, and two years later the Queen appointed him Librarian at Windsor. He is known as the author of the most authoritative *Life of Queen Victoria*, and he is an authority

on the subject of bookbinding. One of Mr. Holmes's favourite hobbies is water-colour painting, and his work in this line has been exhibited at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery. An enthusiastic Volunteer in his day, the Librarian of the King still occasionally enjoys a day at cricket, though his chief exercise is taken on the golf-links.

## Royal Yachts at Portsmouth.

of late have been able to "look upon this picture, and on this." The two Royal Yachts, each bearing the same name, the *Victoria and Albert*, have been lying in contiguous docks. The senior craft, looking spick-and-span, has been much admired. The other, of far larger dimensions, is in a chaotic state. Nearly a thousand artisans have been engaged upon her, completing the work of transformation which she has undergone. When the finishing touches have been given she will present a very different appearance. In the closing days of next month, the King and Queen will take up their quarters on board for the Cowes yachting season, after which she will be again handed over to the Dockyard officials.

## The Final Destination of M. Constant's Portrait of the Queen.

M. Benjamin Constant's famous portrait of Queen Victoria, which continues to

elicit admiring praise from the groups who daily assemble in front of the remarkable presentation of our late beloved Sovereign in Burlington House, will, at the close of the

Exhibition, be hung in the State Dining-room at Windsor Castle, opposite to the great equestrian picture—also the work of a Frenchman, M. Détaille—of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. This latter picture, representing the Princes at the Jubilee Review of 1897, was the first that was hung in the dining-room, and M. Constant's will be the second. M. Détaille's work is enclosed in a mural panel on the west wall, the gilt mouldings being uniform with the Chippendale carvings upon the doors, and the portrait of Queen Victoria will be put up in the same style. The State Dining-room at Windsor Castle, it may be remarked, is the only apartment that will be practically untouched by the great programme of change that is now being carried out.

## The British Association and Glasgow.

The British Association meets in Glasgow in September, under the Presidency of Professor Rucker, Secretary of the Royal Society, when some four thousand members are expected to attend, and, for the first time in the history of the Society, ladies are now eligible as members. The University authorities have placed all the University buildings at the service of the Association, and the number of functions arranged to take place during the visit, in addition to visits to the great Exhibition, forms a brilliant series. Three handbooks have been prepared for use on the general industries of Glasgow, its natural history and geology, and its archaeology.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK, AND PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE PALACE OF KING CHRISTIAN.

Photo by Peter L. Petersen.

*The Czar and his Daughter.*

The Emperor and Empress of Russia may feel assured of British sympathy in the ordeal through which they are now passing. Their eldest child, the Grand Duchess Olga, is seriously ill, and the fact that this is so at a moment when their Imperial Majesties are awaiting the advent of their fourth child, the longed-for heir, makes the little Princess's illness the more distressing. The Czar is a most affectionate father; he is never happier than when spending an hour with his three daughters. Even, however, when living quietly at Peterhof, the Windsor of Russia, the Emperor is not free from the hundred-and-one duties incidental to his position. As head of the Army, few weeks go by without his taking part in one of the great reviews which are a peculiar feature of Russian military life, and at which foreign, and especially British, visitors are so splendidly entertained.

*The Queen-Bride and Berlin.*

Queen Wilhelmina and her bridegroom have been having a delightful time in Berlin, where they were received by the German Emperor and Empress with every manifestation of affection and goodwill. As all the world knows, the worthy Berliners are nothing if not sentimental, and the populace joined with the Kaiser and Kaiserin in according a cordial welcome to the Queen-bride and her German husband. The young Queen, unlike our own late beloved Sovereign, when replying to the toasts drunk in her honour at the Imperial dinner-party, made little or no reference to "her illustrious Consort," and it was noticed by those present that she did not in any sense respond to the fervent remarks of the German Emperor, who spoke with great gratification of the fact that she was bound "in love's eternal bond" to a German Prince. It is to be feared that the Prince Consort's £80,000 of debt has somewhat disturbed the honeymoon felicity of the young couple, the more so that Queen Wilhelmina, who, notwithstanding her youth, is very practical, has, it is said, entirely refused to pay Prince Henry's pre-nuptial creditors!

*Italy's Baby Princess.*

The quaintly named Yolanda, Italy's baby Princess, seems to have been more than warmly welcomed by the Roman populace, who regard her as a fore-runner of the much-longed-for Prince of Naples. The Italians are devoted to children, and no one can doubt that the birth of the little Princess will much add to King Victor Emmanuel's popularity, the more so that he and the lovely Montenegrin Queen Elena have been married five years next October. Their Majesties have done this country the

signal honour of choosing a British nurse for their first-born. This worthy woman, Mrs. Dickens, is very much to be congratulated, for, according to current Quirinal gossip, she will be given £400 when the baby cuts its first tooth, a similar sum when the child takes its first step, and £800 when the Princess utters her first word! The Mayor of Rome, Prince Colonna, will be the Royal infant's godfather, and "the best-dressed Queen in Europe," the Dowager Maria Pia of Portugal, the late King Humbert's sister, will be godmother. It is to be hoped that

now Queen Elena will lose the look of pensive melancholy which, even if it added a further grace to her beautiful face, seemed curiously ill-placed on the countenance of a youthful Queen Consort.

*The New Secretary to the Board of Trade.*

Mr. Francis J. S. Hopwood, C.B., C.M.G., the late Sir

Courtenay Boyle's successor at the Board of Trade, took a prominent part, it will be remembered, in the settlement of the Taff Vale Railway dispute in August last, and in 1896 he acted as honorary secretary to the Chairman of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the Jameson Raid. Mr. Hopwood, who was born in 1860, was in 1893 created C.M.G. "for services in connection with Colonial fisheries and other maritime questions"; he interested himself in legislation for the benefit of deep-sea fishermen both here and in the Colonies. When Secretary in the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, he was especially connected with legislation for the promotion of light railways, the development of electric traction, the prevention of accidents to railway servants, and the reduction of the hours of labour.

*Glasgow University Jubilee.*

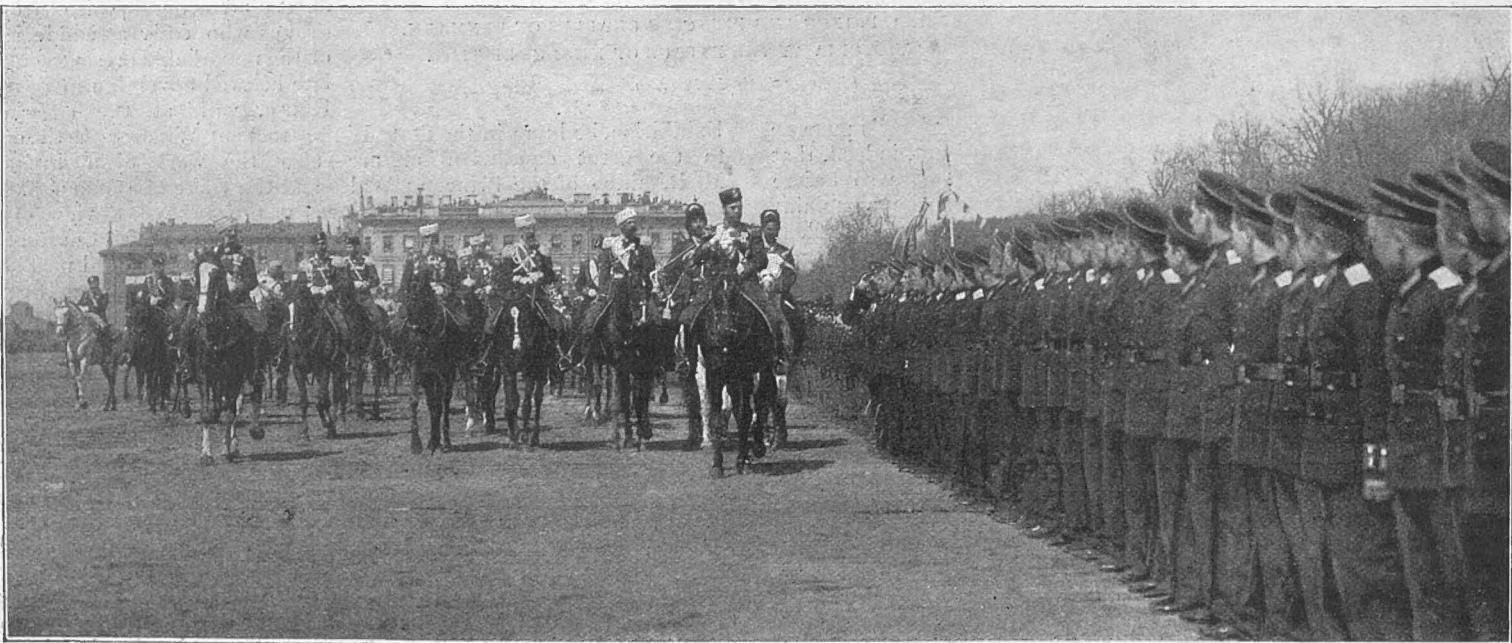
The present month will be long remembered in the history of Glasgow University, which is this week celebrating in befitting fashion the

four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Representatives from nearly all the academic institutions of the globe accepted the invitation to attend this unique jubilee, and the authorities of the ancient University with whom the students have been allied have arranged everything in admirable style. A particularly brilliant function the ball in the Bute Hall on Friday night is sure to be. Messrs. MacLehose, the University publishers in the Second City, are bringing out "The Book of the Jubilee," the contents of which are varied and attractive. Lord Rosebery, as Lord Rector, appropriately contributes "A Foreword," while Sir Richard Jebb, Sir Lewis Morris, Principal Story, Mr. Andrew Lang, and others write of the old College or their connection with it.



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CZAR, CZARINA, AND THEIR THREE CHILDREN.

Taken by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.



REVIEW ON THE MARSFELDE, ST. PETERSBURG: HIS MAJESTY THE CZAR INSPECTS THE CADETS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BULLA, ST. PETERSBURG.

*Lord Milner at "Highbury."* Although Lord Milner's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's country home was "strictly private," several of the Colonial Secretary's old Birmingham friends managed to catch a glimpse of the famous Proconsul. Curiously little is known of Mr. Chamberlain's country seat, if, indeed, country seat it can be called, for it is literally at the gate of

pretty was one of his alleged reasons for speaking in English: that he was anxious to show his gratitude for such a superb reception by simplicity of style, and preferred the foreign tongue that would prevent him from seeming merely rhetorical. Very touching, too, it was to see his emotion caused by our cheers, emotion that even brought tears into his eyes. His French speech, for he spoke in both languages, contained one fine phrase at least: "Without independence there would be no Bar, and without the Bar there would be no independence."

*The Lord Chancellor's Lecture to the Judges.*

Maitre Labori seemed to appreciate the humour of Lord Halsbury's speech almost as keenly as our barristers. Who but Lord Halsbury, who

appointed nearly all of them, durst have lectured the Judges before the audience of nigh a thousand people? Some of their Lordships winced a little when he pointed out that their first duty was to listen patiently, and when he said that advocates should be allowed to state their cases and develop their arguments after their own fashion there was prodigious applause, and some of the Puisne ones who adopt the Socratic—or, should one say, Jessel?—method, which caused the Frenchman of an old story to say that in the Court of Appeal he saw three old gentlemen talking simultaneously to one poor fellow who was not allowed to reply, looked down as eager barristers gazed at them. And Lord Halsbury rubbed it in with a reiteration about the necessity of at least some "initial listening."

*Wernher, Beit, and Co. versus Markham.*

The numerous paragraphs and articles which have appeared during the last few days on the Cause List during the Trinity

Law Sittings have failed to notice what may prove to be the most sensational of all the cases for trial this term. Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, on behalf of Mr. Markham, M.P., have been very busy preparing to defend the action which Messrs. Wernher, Beit,

and Co. feel they must bring in answer to the astounding statements made against them in Parliament and in the country by Mr. Markham. According to my informant, Mr. Markham, who derives his wealth from that most heinously taxed product, coal, is prepared to spend a sum of £20,000 in the collection and presentation of evidence, which he hopes will justify him in the eyes of the world for the allegations he made. He has been very fortunate, I understand, in the selection of counsel. Mr. W. S. Robson, K.C., M.P., has consented to be skipper, backed by Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., and Mr. Norman Craig as Junior. The reputation of the two first-named is common knowledge. Of Mr. Norman Craig, my correspondent says his ability and diligence are very well known and admired in the Temple. He was a pupil of Mr. Willes Chitty, the recently appointed Master of the Supreme Court, and has inherited all that lawyer's subtlety in pleading. His favourite recreation is diving. He is a member of the Otter Club, and frequently gives exhibitions in ornamental and high diving.



HIGHBURY HOUSE, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, WHERE THE COLONIAL SECRETARY HAS RECENTLY BEEN ENTERTAINING LORD MILNER.

the great provincial city with which his name has always been associated. There is something characteristic of its owner in the fact that the place was named after the unfashionable but, in some senses, charming old-world London suburb in which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain first saw the light. "Highbury" is an ideal home; the Colonial Secretary is a devoted father, and neither of his sons has cared to "set up house" for himself.

*Mr. Chamberlain's Favourite Flower.* As all the world knows, Mr. Chamberlain is one of the great orchid-growers of the kingdom. He takes his hobby, as, indeed, he seems to take his politics, seriously. Many orchid-growers have to go some way to find their favourite blossom; not so Mr. Chamberlain. His wife's drawing-room, one of the finest apartments in the large, roomy house, opens into a winter-garden, from which the visitor may make his way in a few moments through the whole thirty greenhouses, for orchids are not the only hothouse flowers cultivated at Highbury. Each conservatory opens off a long corridor, itself a most charming winter-garden. Apropos of his love for orchids—a taste shared by Mrs. Chamberlain—the Colonial Secretary is fond of boasting that he has never given anything like a record price for any of his specimens. He is fond of exchanging one rare plant against another, and, above all, he deals in hybridisation, much time being devoted by him and his clever head-gardener to this form of hybrid culture.

*The Labori Banquet.* The Hardwicke Society dinner to Maitre Labori on Derby night was an amazing affair. The Lord Chancellor, several Law Lords, a Lord Justice, Sir Francis Jeune, a dozen Judges of the High Court, the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, and several Colonial and County Court Judges, K.C.'s by the score, learned Juniors by the hundred, assembled in honour of the big, strong-looking, blonde man with beard and shaggy head, to greet him, not as representative of the French Bar, but simply out of pure spirit of *camaraderie*, as a brilliant *confrère* who had nobly accomplished a terrible task. Five hundred and fifty sat down to dinner; the galleries were filled with ladies and the corridors with after-dinner guests. It was a curious affair in its contrast of style. On the one hand, the English speakers, careful of sense, careless of style, some so weak in elocution as to need reminders of "Speak up," two so diffuse that the hint came of "Sit down"; on the other hand, the French orator who made the rafters ring, who could cause the Bull of Bashan to feel jealous, who, even when battling with our tongue, showed himself a born and trained orator. Very



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S CONSERVATORY AND ORCHID-HOUSE AT HIGHBURY.  
From Photographs by Whitlock, Birmingham.

*The King and the  
"C.I.V."*

To-day (12th) His Majesty will confer yet another honour on the gallant members of the City Imperial Volunteers who served their country so well in South Africa by personally presenting them with their war-medals. It is hardly necessary to again recapitulate the stirring events which marked the nine months' campaigning of London's own regiment, but one may recall Earl Roberts' remark in bidding them farewell—"Any regiment would be proud of your record." Though a goodly muster will be present, under the command of their old leader—now Major-General W. H. Mackinnon, C.B.—owing to some thirty of the officers and men having been given commissions in the Regular Army and others having enlisted in the Imperial Yeomanry and gone to "the Front" again, the number will not be so large as it might have been. It is a happy feature of the presentation that the City's own regiment will be paraded with those crack corps of the Regular Army best-known to the Metropolis, the Household Cavalry and the Brigade of Foot Guards, the more so that Major-General Mackinnon himself served in the Grenadiers for a number of years.

*The Rand Rifles.* I had the pleasure of printing last week a snapshot of the first parade of the mounted section of the Rand Rifles in the Market Square of Johannesburg, but unfortunately omitted to mention it was courteously taken expressly for *The Sketch* by Mr. Thomas Renton of the Imperial Railways Audit Office. The Rand Rifles is composed of all the British subjects in Johannesburg, with the exception of those exempted by medical certificates. One of the conditions under which the Uitlander is allowed to return is that he must join this force directly he arrives. As fully seventy-five per cent. of the able-bodied Johannesburgers have fought in the War, it is reckoned that the Rand Rifle Corps forms the nucleus of what may become the finest and largest Volunteer Rifle Brigade in the world. Look back at the view, and you will note that the building on the left is the General Post Office, and the turreted edifice is that of the *Standard and Diggers' News*, which, thanks to Mr. Tommy Atkins, is now *non est*. The basement is used as the Government store, where great and small in Johannesburg had to call for their weekly rations, the shops being shut and the military dispensing all food-stuffs. In order for citizens to obtain a "good permit," it was compulsory to join the Rand Rifles—long may they flourish!

*A Canadian  
"V.C."*

The accompanying photograph is that of Lieutenant Hampden Zane Churchill Cockburn, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, who has been gazetted for the Victoria Cross. The act which won him this distinction was the saving of Canadian guns by Canadian cavalry, and that by a mere handful of

himself, who emphatically recommended Lieutenant Cockburn and three others for the coveted honour. Lieutenant Cockburn also holds the medal of the Royal Humane Society, and it is said that there are only four others in the whole Empire who possess these two honours. Canada



MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. MACKINNON, C.B.,

WHO WILL BE IN COMMAND OF THE "C.I.V.'S" TO-DAY WHEN THE KING PRESENTS THE GALLANT VOLUNTEERS WITH THEIR WAR-MEDALS.

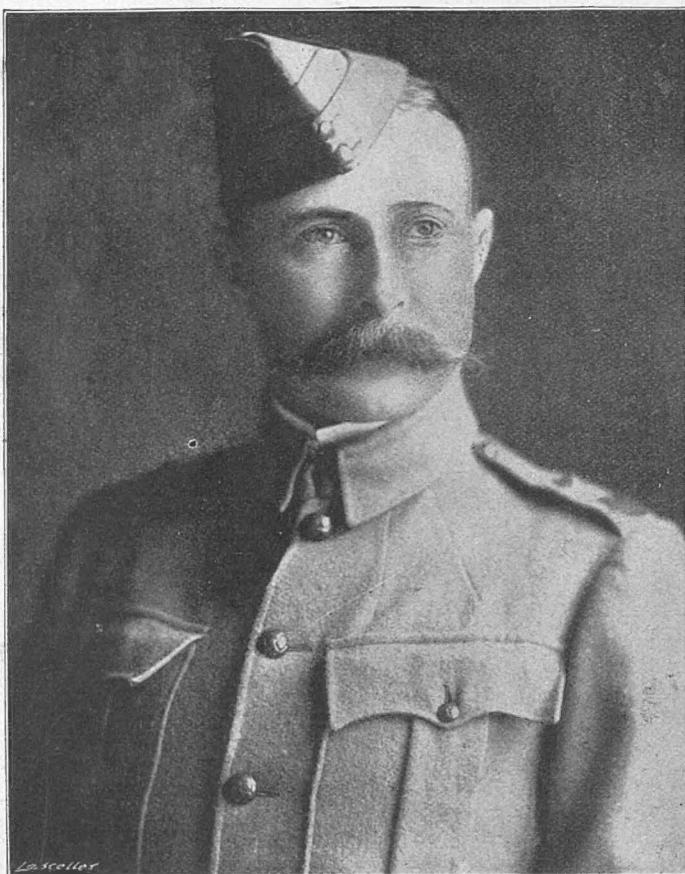
*Photo by Maude Craigie Halkett, Eltham.*

is naturally proud of her sons who have so well distinguished themselves in the first war for the Empire.

*Major-General  
H. L. Smith-  
Dorrien, D.S.O.*

When the "Sherwood Foresters" were ordered to South Africa, *The Sketch* gave some little account of the past career of its Commanding Officer, then Lieutenant-Colonel Smith-Dorrien. Although he had joined the "Foresters" some twenty-three years earlier, had gone through six campaigns, from the Zulu War in 1879 to the Khartoum Expedition of 1898, and had gained his "D.S.O." with the Soudan Frontier Field Force in 1886, his promotion had not kept pace with his fighting prowess. Now, however, his exploits as Commander of the 19th Brigade, and Earl Roberts' prompt recognition of his merits, have brought the one-time athlete and organiser and leader of Mounted Infantry well to the front, and he is spending a brief vacation in England as a Major-General before following Hector Macdonald to India to take up the important post of Adjutant-General at Simla. Major-General Smith-Dorrien is to be entertained as the guest of the "Sherwood Foresters" at their Annual Dinner at the Hôtel Victoria before his departure, when that famous "V.C." of the Crimea, General Sir Mark Walker, will preside. A letter from "the Front" says of the gallant Smith-Dorrien: "He is an ideal Chief—a man full of heart and sympathy, and idolised by the men." His successor, Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Wylly—like himself, promoted from the old 95th to the command of the 1st Battalion—is an officer with a splendid reputation and some war-service, and has lately joined from Malta.

*The Foil Club's  
Assault-at-Arms.* A most interesting assault-at-arms took place on the afternoon of the 4th inst. at the premises of the Foil Club, in Warwick Street, W., under the Presidency of Mr. A. W. Pinero. The Club has been established for the cultivation of fencing among actors and actresses, and its membership includes many of the best-known people in the dramatic world. Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Charles Hawtrey are on the Committee, while Mr. Forbes-Robertson is one of its Vice-Presidents. Among those taking part in the competitions on Tuesday afternoon were Mr. Cosmo Stuart, Mr. H. B. Warner, and Mr. Fisher White. An attractive item of the programme was also contributed by a "rapier and dagger duologue," by Miss Esmé Beringer and Mr. Egerton Castle. The list of people accepting the Club's invitation to witness the fencing included Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Irving, Miss Grace Warner, Miss Nina Boucicault, Captain Alfred Hutton, Mr. Horace Wyndham, Mr. E. A. Morton, and Mr. Percy White.



LIEUTENANT HAMPDEN ZANE CHURCHILL COCKBURN, V.C., OF  
THE ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS.

*Photo by Lyonde, Toronto.*

men under command of Lieutenant Cockburn, who held a large force of Boers at bay long enough to let the guns get away, and in so doing sacrificed themselves, as the whole party were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. This was on Nov. 7, 1900, on the Komati River, and was witnessed by General Smith-Dorrien, the General Officer Commanding,

*A Future Empress?*

The Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, the only child of the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph and the beautiful Belgian Princess now known to the world as Countess Lonyay, will be eighteen next September. It is said in Austria that the aged Emperor Francis Joseph, who is quite devoted



ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, THE LATE PRINCE RUDOLPH'S DAUGHTER.

*Photo by Pietzner, Vienna.*

to his pretty and accomplished granddaughter, would much like to see the Salic law put aside in her favour, and the Viennese, who have seen the youthful Princess grow up among them from infancy, would certainly hail such an arrangement with satisfaction, the more so that the greatest Sovereign Austria ever had was undoubtedly Maria Theresa. Even should the Archduchess remain simply what she now is, she will be, on her marriage, one of the wealthiest of Royal brides, for, in addition to her father's large private fortune, she was left by the late Empress a priceless collection of gems and jewels, and she will ultimately possess an eighth part of the huge fortune now accumulating at compound interest belonging to the mad Empress Charlotte of Mexico.

*The King's Coronation.*

Silently and secretly the preparations for the Coronation of the King next year are being arranged by the Court officials. It will be the most magnificent State ceremony ever witnessed in England, for it must be remembered that when Queen Victoria ascended the Throne she was not Empress of India as well as Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. In the case of the King, who is also Emperor of India, the native Princes of Hindustan will be bidden to the ceremony, and the growth of the Empire will necessitate the presence of many Colonial magnates. "When the magnitude of the programme is considered, a year seems almost too short a time for perfecting it," said a courtier of high standing, the other day. "The work is done in sections, and, when every section is more or less perfect, the whole has to be dove-tailed in symmetry. The undertaking is stupendous. I need scarcely say that the personal interest of the Sovereign in the arrangements is great and constant."

*A Royal Gift.* King Edward has presented to the United Service Institution a number of most interesting and valuable Nelson relics, formerly kept in the Guard Chamber of Windsor Castle. His Majesty's keen interest in and affection for the Navy has always caused him to pay particular attention to everything calculated to keep alive the memory of Britain's greatest Naval Captain, and it is well known that the Sovereign was particularly concerned at the terrible outrage which took place at Greenwich some months ago. The King's gift includes a portion of the mast of the *Victory*, forming a pedestal which supports Chantrey's fine bust of Nelson, originally sculptured in 1835. There is also a facsimile of a shot fired on board the *Victory*,

and two curious guns captured during the course of the late Zulu War. Windsor Castle is a treasure-house, and the nation may well feel gratified that the King is showing so great a desire to share the most historically valuable of his innumerable possessions with the British people.

*The Royal Tour: Farewell, Australia.*

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have bade a more than kindly farewell to Australia. To say that everything has gone off without a hitch is no exaggeration. Their Royal Highnesses have won golden opinions: endless little stories concerning their thoughtfulness, their intelligent kindness, and their unaffected interest in everything shown them, are now going the round of Australasia.

*In Queen Victoria's Footsteps.*

A touching little story is being told in Sydney concerning the Duchess's incognito visit to one of the hospitals there. Her Royal Highness, when making a tour of the wards, noticed a little lad about the age of Prince Edward propped up in bed. In answer to her inquiry, he observed that he had broken his leg, falling off a fence, where he had hitched himself up in order to see Australia's Royal visitors drive by. "I never saw them, after all!" he concluded ruefully. "You are now seeing the Duchess all to yourself," replied his visitor kindly, and, in addition to having quite a long talk with the child, the Duchess sent him subsequently a charming gift from herself and the Duke.

*A Fiendish Plot.* I learn from St. Petersburg that the most extraordinary precautions have been taken with regard to the accouchement of the Czarina, for it has come to light that, in the event of the infant being born a son, a determined effort would be made to kidnap the child. The plan was most carefully arranged and the whole of the working of this diabolical scheme was left to the agency of the female Nihilists. Several women with the highest credentials were, months ago, introduced into the Palace. They were represented to be Germans, and some say English, but in truth several of them were Swiss and associated with the Anarchist centres at Zürich and Geneva. It is said by my informant that the conspiracy was discovered by the Czar himself, but this seems improbable. Again, it is whispered that one of the women, touched by the Czarina's kindness and warm, motherly feeling, betrayed her associates. The writer says: "The whole affair is wrapped in mystery, but you may rely on the main outline of the story, though all details have been sedulously concealed. No less than ten great ladies have been arrested and are accused of complicity in this affair. All knowledge of it has been kept from the Czarina."

*Continental Sympathy with the Boers.*

The open sympathy with the Boers expressed in the liveliest fashion a year ago by the boulevard gutter-press of Paris is, happily, not so strong as it was. But in far-away Roumania, as the accompanying post-card from a trusty friend of *The Sketch* proves, "Oom Paul," the personification of "Panoplied hatred, insensate ambition, invincible ignorance" (to quote Lord Milner's glowing phrase), continues to be the admired of all admirers. With the extinction of "dacoiting," however, Continental Anglophobia is bound to subside. Meantime, it may be as well for British tourists to boycott such ill-conditioned and boorish countries as Belgium, which, indebted for its



A NEW ROUMANIAN PRO-BOER POST-CARD.

very existence to England, has the ingratitude to act in the most churlish fashion to travelling Englishmen. Witness the testimony of Mr. William Coward, F.R.G.S., in a naturally indignant letter to the *Standard*: "I have been an eye-witness of the continual annoyances under which

the vessels of the City of London Line are navigated through the Willebroeck Canal in their regular bi-weekly passages between London and Brussels. They have to run the gauntlet of bricks, stones, and filth thrown on board, amid yells of 'Vive les Boers!' or its synonym in native Flemish from the ragged population on the Canal banks. There appears to be no patrolling force, and complaints have been made to the Belgian authorities in vain." Surely, it is high time for King Leopold or his Ministers to exert their influence to suppress this insane insolence—if they would preserve the friendship of England, without whose support little Belgium might come to be annexed by France or Germany one of these days.

*A Military Wedding.* An interesting military wedding was solemnised at St. Philip's Church, Earl's Court, on Thursday last (the 6th inst.), when Colonel Edward Millett

Forbes, late Indian Staff Corps, led to the altar Miss Juliet Amy Reynolds, the young and charming daughter of Mr. Herbert J. Reynolds, C.S.I., of Nevern Square, South Kensington. The gallant bridegroom, who is the son of the late Honourable Robert Forbes, and a cousin of Lord Forbes of Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire, has had a distinguished career in the Indian Army, and has seen a good deal of active service, including the capture of Fort Dalingkote during the Bhootan Expedition, receiving the medal and clasp; he also served with distinction at the famous Khyber Pass in the Afghan War, receiving another medal.



*Photo by Salmon, Bedford.*

COLONEL E. M. FORBES (LATE INDIAN STAFF CORPS).

WHO WERE MARRIED LAST THURSDAY AT ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, EARL'S COURT, S.W.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very well in her wedding-dress of ivory satin trimmed with chiffon and orange-blossoms, and her three bridesmaids—Miss Irene Reynolds, Miss Lilian Forbes, and Miss Eva Forbes—wore cool-looking frocks of white silk inset with cream insertion, and large black crinoline hats trimmed with pink roses. Mr. Arthur Waring acted as groomsman, and the Rev. Prebendary Murdoch Johnston tied the nuptial knot. A crowded reception was held during the afternoon by the bride's mother at 51, Nevern Square, many well-known Indian officers and officials being present; and later Colonel Forbes and his bride left for the South Coast, where they are spending the honeymoon. The presents were most numerous and included a quantity of handsome silver plate.

*The Kaiser and Lord Roberts.* It is no longer a secret that the Kaiser has invited our Commander-in-Chief to be his guest during the forthcoming German Military Manœuvres; but, as a matter of fact, Lord Roberts was bidden to view the evolutions some little time back. The Kaiser has two objects in view—the one, to do honour to the gallant Field-Marshal on whom he has conferred the Black Eagle; the other, and the more important, to obtain Lord Roberts' opinion on the many new tactics which are the outcome of the War in South Africa. It would surprise most Britons to know how carefully the lessons learnt at such heavy cost by our brave soldiers have been taken up and studied by the German military authorities at the instance of the Kaiser. A friend who has just returned from Berlin tells me

that the campaign is followed in the Intelligence Department with a precision and minuteness which could not be excelled were Germany, not Great Britain, in the field. On the other hand, the French officials scarcely take a superficial view of the War. Indeed, most of them have not the vaguest idea of the magnitude of the operations.

*The American Invasion.*

Every year we have the pleasure of welcoming to our shores large numbers of our American cousins, and we do our best to give them a "good time."

But it may truly be said that no Americans ever had a better time, a more royal time, than that enjoyed by the representatives of the New York Chamber of Commerce now in our midst. Their Majesties the King and Queen received them at Windsor; they have been dined and feted everywhere, the chief festivity being the banquet given last Wednesday evening by the London Chamber of Commerce.

*A Run for Dinner.* A sensational feature of a somewhat sporting character, and one which would certainly not lessen the interest of the public in the occasion, was that it was announced that two of the great "greyhounds" of the Atlantic, the *St. Paul* and the *Teutonic*, were engaged in a race across the ocean, both striving to bring guests in time for this international dinner. Both of the well-known liners left Sandy Hook on May 30, within half-an-hour of each other. The *St. Paul* reached Southampton about four o'clock on the appointed



MISS J. A. REYNOLDS (DAUGHTER OF MR. H. J. REYNOLDS, C.S.I.).

day, June 5, and the delegates who had come by her were present at the banquet—and with an hour or two to spare, thanks to a record run of the South-Western Railway, which put through an "extra special" train in something over a mile a minute. The representatives who came by the White Star boat were not so fortunate—the *Teutonic* not passing Daunt's Rock Lightship, off Queenstown, till 12.16 p.m. It seems a pity to spoil a good story, but it is only fair to say that the captain of the *Teutonic* maintains he was not racing the *St. Paul*. "If there was a race," he declares, "the *St. Paul* was racing alone."

*The Dinner.*

The banquet itself, which was given in the fine old hall of the Grocers' Company, brought together an exceptionally distinguished gathering, amongst those present being Lord Lansdowne, the American Ambassador, Lord Stratheona, Lord Rothschild, the Lord Chief Justice, and other personages. Lord Brassey was in the chair, the principal American guests being Mr. Morris Jessup, President of the New York Chamber of Commerce; Mr. Cornelius Bliss, Vice-President; the Hon. Levi P. Morton, ex-Vice-President of the United States; Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. It was a splendid assemblage of commercial kings and princes, millionaires being particularly plentiful. But it was far more—it was a great historic incident in what may be called the fraternisation of the two Anglo-Saxon peoples. Lord Lansdowne brought this out in an excellent speech, as did the American delegates and others who addressed what Mr. Carnegie rightly called a "unique meeting."

*A Distinguished Visitor.* It is rumoured that Count Tolstoi, accompanied by his devoted and plucky wife, may pay a visit to this country before the year is out. Should he do so, the grand old Russian author is sure of an enthusiastic and sincere welcome, for nowhere has he so many admirers, and, it may even be said, disciples, as among English-speaking folk. Lately, the author of "Resurrection" has been wholly without honour in his own country, but the fact that he has been formally excommunicated by the authorities of the Greek Church has only made his friends and followers more attached to him than they were before; and the Countess's letters of protest are in their way quite as fine literary documents as are any of the pages penned by her famous husband. Notwithstanding his peculiar views concerning love and marriage, Count Tolstoi is the father of a very large family, and his sons and daughters all admire and revere him, though some of them do not go quite so far as himself in the practice of that simplicity of life which he has so long preached. It may be mentioned that Count Tolstoi keeps in touch with the best British literature; he was one of the first to discover Robert Louis Stevenson, and within a month of the production of "Treasure Island" was recommending it warmly to his friends and French correspondents.

*Queen Wilhelmina's Visit to Berlin.* The pretty young Queen of the Netherlands (writes my Berlin Correspondent) was accorded a most enthusiastic reception not only by the German Emperor and Empress, but also by the citizens of

Berlin. Her Majesty's arrival at Potsdam was brightened by a military tattoo, followed by a dinner at the Palace, and, as an amusement on the following days during her stay in Prussia, two parades were held, as usual, on the Tempelhof Field and in the charming precincts of Potsdam.

The Spring Parade in Berlin was magnificent; the weather was just suited for such a performance, the usual dust having been laid most satisfactorily by both rain and water-carts, and the sun, though shining brightly, not being so broiling as is often the case on this yearly occasion of review. The Queen arrived on the scene in a carriage with the Kaiserin, attended by the Emperor on horseback. Her Consort was present too, but he seems to play but an insignificant part in all proceedings, the Queen even delivering her own speeches in answer to the several toasts.

After the review, the Royal guests proceeded to Berlin, where a very pretty scene was enacted. The famous Brandenburg Gate was neatly decorated with Dutch flags, and on the Queen arriving at the huge portal she was greeted by twenty-four of the daughters of the principal burgesses of the city, a speech being delivered by the Chief Burgomaster, Herr Kirschner, to which Her Majesty gave answer herself in a few neatly turned phrases. The German populace seemed perfectly charmed with the young Queen, and the rich German adjectives of wonder, delight, and admiration were heard on all sides and without stint. Respecting the review, it was most instructive and interesting to note the excellent order maintained in the true Prussian style on the field: spaces were carefully pegged out by the police for each carriage possessing a permit, and each vehicle was duly numbered and registered by the police for the occasion.

*Edmond Rostand's Health.* M. Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," is in very delicate health (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). His doctors sent him some time ago to live in a mild southern climate among the hills, and he has stayed there a year, drinking buttermilk and going to bed with the chickens. Every evening there arrived for him a basket of fresh eggs from some unknown mysterious admirer of "L'Aiglon" way up in the North, and every morning there came a despatch across the Atlantic from the great Sarah, who wired him every time she played his masterpiece: "Johnstown. Enormous house!" "Marysville. Great enthusiasm!" "Jamesburg. Delirium!" The greatest living actress has doubtless cheered M. Rostand with similarly encouraging telegrams from London this June. The other day, he came up to Paris to see about his candidature for the French Academy, and the change of climate, the obligatory canvassing visits, and the excitement probably undid the work of a year. M. Rostand is to-day one of the "Immortals," but he is, alas! on his back with an inflamed lung and has the doctor's orders not to get up till further notice.

*Madame Rostand.* M. Rostand was married five years ago, as everybody knows, to the daughter of General Gérard, who was Maréchal under the Empire. Mdlle. Rosamond Gérard was herself an exquisite poet, and the poems which each wrote in the

months preceding the marriage have been published in one volume and will take their place among other monuments of the kind of famous lovers. M. Rostand's first poem, the "Muzardises," is out of print, and copies of it, difficult to find, are quoted to-day at three hundred francs. It was printed in 1890, which measures well his dizzy course to glory. To this young man loved of the gods there is nothing wanting but health.

*Sarah Bernhardt's Son.* M. Maurice Bernhardt is a playwright and a poet. His piece, "Nini l'Assommeur," has been accepted by the Ambigu, and will be played there next season. It is a blood-curdling melodrama. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has given her son all the advantages of education and travel which the world has offered. She married him young to a charming girl, who, if I am not mistaken, had the title of Countess, and his little daughter is already out of babyhood. His mother has just obtained for him from Sienkiewicz the right to dramatise in French "By Fire and Sword."

*The Fortune that Came.* A man in rough clothes went into a quay-side barber's at Cherbourg for a shave. He said that he was going to America, as fortune was dead against him in France. As he sought for the pence, he came across a crumpled morsel of paper, which he glanced at and handed to the barber, with the remark, "You can take that rubbish." It was a ticket for the "Loterie des Artistes Dramatiques." The Figaro crumpled it still further and threw it on to the floor. His wife found it and ironed it out. The emigrant had forgotten it, the barber had forgotten it; but, when the lottery-machine wheels told their tale on May 31 at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, that rejected

piece of paper was worth 100,000 francs, and the smile was on the prudent wife's face. What fortunes are going a-begging over French lotteries is incredible. The banks ask for the owners of tickets that in regard to Panama represent such prizes as 500,000 francs.

*Queen Ranavalona.* The French authorities are noted for their chinoiseries; but I question if ever they have gone to such an extent in this direction as over the visit of the deposed Queen of Madagascar. The little lady arrived, and they showed her St. Ouen and St. Denis, which would, by their extravagance in ugliness, render an Anarchist happy. She wanted to see the Derby at Chantilly, and they appeased her by a modest drive in the Bois de Boulogne. She saw the Opéra House and desired to enter, and she was sent to the Nouveau Cirque. She saw the gorgeous restaurants, and wanted to dine in flaming Paris: her dinner was supplied from a modest wine-shop. Somewhat sarcastically, a French writer suggests that she should be allowed to visit London. He remarks that France fêted

Kruger, whose country had been collared by the English, and, accordingly, the English were entitled to fête a lady whose kingdom had been appropriated by the French.

*"La Fagette."* There was a sound of wailing (adds my Paris Correspondent) in the camp of the Otero, Emilienne d'Alençon, Liane de Pougy, Lise Fleuron, and those young ladies who put on jewels by weight, when the edict went forth that "La Jolie Fagette" would appear at the Ambassadeurs', in the Champs-Elysées, with a bejewelled bolero worth £60,000. That, to use a sporting expression, left them all standing still. As I have seen the bolero with its four thousand stones at Hamel's, I can quite believe that it must be of enormous value, but on the stage it is a failure. When I saw her from a long-way-back seat, I was disappointed. The stones never seemed to come into contact with the light and were as lustreless as jet. "La Fagette," who is for the moment the idol of Paris, has a pleasing voice. Her delivery is clear, and she is by no means a bad exponent of the Paulus-Yvette Guibert school. Throw in the fact that she is a very pretty woman, and what more can you ask for?

*The Nightingale of Revolution.* A brief line announced that "La Borgas" was dead in comparative poverty and in some remote village. Not one in a hundred could associate the name with any reminiscence, and yet thirty years ago she was the "Jingarde" (if there is such a word) of Paris, as was poor Macdermott "Jingo" of London. When hopes were at the lowest, "La Borgas" would appear in the streets, and, after announcing a big French victory over the Prussians, drive about Paris waving the tricolour and yelling patriotic songs. At this period she was even more popular than Thérèse. Her end was a sad one. She married a blackguard who spent her fortune, and in her latter years she kept body and soul together by acting as a chairwoman.



TOLSTOI, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN WRITER, SNAPSHOTTED AT MOSCOW.



## UP-TO-DATE CROQUET—AND A NAUGHTY WORD.

SCENE: *A grass-plot at the back of Mr. NEARLY-SMITH's Peckham residence. TIME: Saturday afternoon. PERIOD: The month of June, 1901.*

*Discovered, playing croquet, MR NEARLY-SMITH and MRS. ALLBUT-ROBINSON v. MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON and MRS. NEARLY-SMITH. The host and his wife are middle-aged and inclined to stoutness; the guests are youthful, slim, and modern almost to a fault.*

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (to MRS. NEARLY-SMITH). Now, partner, you've got an awfully ripping chance. All you have to do is to take us both down to our hoop, croquet your husband, knock him out of time, upset my wife's little apple-cart, get through yourself, and then come and take up a position close to me, so that I can make use of you when my turn comes.

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH (faintly). I see. What did you say I do first?

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON. Why, take us both down to our hoop. A sort of push-stroke, you know.

MR. NEARLY-SMITH (from the other end of the lawn). Push-strokes are barred.

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON. But you did one yourself just now, sir!

MR. NEARLY-SMITH. Excuse me, if the stroke is barred, I couldn't have done it.

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON. But is it barred? I think they allow it at Wimbledon.

MR. NEARLY-SMITH. I can't help what they allow at Wimbledon. It's barred on my lawn.

MRS. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (scenting danger). Never mind, Leonard, dear. Let's get on with the game.

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON. Oh, I don't mind! Only, I like to play the proper way!

[MR. NEARLY-SMITH, reflecting that the laws of hospitality are sacred, manfully bottles up his reply.

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH. Then shall I have my knock?

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (desperately). Yes, knock away!

[MRS. NEARLY-SMITH knocks. She misses her partner's ball altogether, and her own ball rolls gently off the turf on to the path.

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH. Oh, I'm afraid that's not a very good one!

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (politely). Not at all!

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH (bridling). At the same time, Mr. Robinson, I venture to say that —

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (hastily). Excuse me! I meant, don't mention it.

MR. NEARLY-SMITH. Now, then, if you people have got through

that long programme that you planned out, perhaps you'll allow us to have a look-in.

[He proceeds to juggle with all the balls for the next ten minutes, finally coming to a halt at the cage.

MRS. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (clapping her hands in ecstasy, after the most approved Peckham fashion). How splendid! Isn't it too lovely, Leonard?

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON. Much too lovely for us, I'm afraid. By the way, Mr. Nearly-Smith, do you croquet twice before going through a hoop?

MR. NEARLY-SMITH (a little out of breath—shortly). Of course! Why not?

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON. Oh, nothing! Only, I don't think you'll find it's done at Wimbledon.

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH. This is Peckham, not Wimbledon!

MRS. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (with a mystic, twentieth-century smile). Exactly! [MR. NEARLY-SMITH is left staring.

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH. It's your turn, isn't it, Mr. Allbut-Robinson? I don't know what my husband has done with your ball. He is such a one when he gets started!

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (muttering to himself savagely as he gropes beneath a laurel-bush for his ball). H'm! Easy enough to play when you make your own rules as you go along.

[He gets his ball from beneath the bush and makes a wild shot at MRS. NEARLY-SMITH's ball. Curiously enough, he hits it, and proceeds to take the croquet, knocking his host into a flower-bed and himself on to the path.

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH. Oh, my poor flowers!

MRS. ALLBUT-ROBINSON. Leonard, dear, do take care!

MR. NEARLY-SMITH. Just as well his turn's done!

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON. How do you mean? I haven't done yet. I have another shot after the croquet.

MR. NEARLY-SMITH. No, no, no! If you send your ball off the ground, you're done.



MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON. I didn't know that rule. I don't think it's in force at Wimbledon.

MR. NEARLY-SMITH. Well, it's in force at Peckham—here, anyhow! Now, my dear—(to MRS. ALLBUT-ROBINSON)—your turn. You'd better go for your hoop, I think.

[MRS. ALLBUT-ROBINSON goes to her hoop. There is a pause.

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH (sailing down to them after giving some directions to the servant about tea). My turn again? What a rapid game it is! Too fast for my old bones, I'm afraid.

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (after working out the situation with mathematical precision). Now, I think, we've got a very good game on. I'll tell you what to do point by point. First of all, you want to just come over here and kiss me.

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH (coquettishly). Oh, Mr. Allbut-Robinson! How dare you!

MR. NEARLY-SMITH. Don't be foolish, Maria! And I must beg leave to inform you, Mr. Robinson, that I can't have expressions of that kind used in my garden. I have my reputation with the neighbours to keep up.

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (winking at MRS. NEARLY-SMITH). I'm afraid you don't appreciate my meaning, sir!

MR. NEARLY-SMITH. No, sir, I do not! And, what's more, I don't want to!

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (still trying to work up the joke against his host). Just as you like, sir. Only, at Wimbledon—

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH (furiously). D——n Wimbledon!

[MRS. ALLBUT-ROBINSON screams and trips across to her husband's side.

MRS. NEARLY-SMITH (to her husband). Henry, you forget yourself!

MR. ALLBUT-ROBINSON (giving his arm to his wife and taking off his hat to his hostess). Good-day, Mrs. Nearly-Smith. We will leave Mr. Smith to keep up his reputation with the neighbours.

[Exeunt. The scene closes in on MRS. NEARLY-SMITH vainly endeavouring to undo the damage to her flowers and on MR. NEARLY-SMITH savagely attempting to break the mallets.



Chic

## MR. JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A.

"**T**WAS Within a Mile of Edinboro' Toun," sixty-two years since—that is to say, at Slateford, in 1839—that Mr. MacWhirter availed himself of his first opportunity of observing the charms of bonnie Scotland. It is said that, on opening his eyes for the first time, he instantly hailed the discovery of his country's pictorial possibilities by obliging with a singularly close vocal imitation of the skirl of the pibroch; and the pipes have a magic for him still, as, indeed, has everything else that smacks of the Highlands. He quickly developed an unlimited capacity for tramping the heather in search of the picturesque, and at the

## EDINBURGH SCHOOL OF DESIGN

he learnt how his impressions might be recorded in water-colour. There was no doubt that he was destined for an artistic career, and, if he ever hesitated on the point, the Royal Scottish Academy settled it for him by electing him an Associate at the early age of twenty-four. But the prompt action of that business-like body brought them a disappointment, for the aspiring youth, in the pride of his new honours, permitted himself to be lured to London immediately afterwards. He left his heart behind him, like many another adventurous young Scot, for he remained true to his first love, and has ever been alive to the charms of the North and the artistic suggestions of "Auld Reekie." Hence the striking representation of

"**OLD EDINBURGH**" that adorns the Academy walls at the present moment.

Pilgrims who search the ancient part of that city for quaint bits of architecture and mementoes of history will, however, look in vain for the particular scene that the artist has so romantically depicted. It is now hidden by buildings, and, indeed, it might have been utterly forgotten, if Mr. MacWhirter, as a braw laddie, had not made it the subject of a water-colour sketch. The artist, on lately bringing this to light, was so inspired by old memories as to produce a work that must be appreciated by all who love art or have felt the glamour of the

locality. This year's Academy is, in point of fact, a triumph for Mr. MacWhirter, and it is appropriate that the exhibition should include the effective portrait of the artist that has been painted by Mr. W. Onslow Ford. In looking at this characteristic work, one may gain some conception of the individuality of the famous landscape-painter, his great power of concentration, his determined and unflagging pursuit of the end in view, and the intense enjoyment that he derives from his profession. Mr. Ford has made a very telling and sympathetic character-study, and visitors will appreciate "Old Edinburgh" and other works by the same hand all the more if they examine the portrait in the first place.

The four canvases by which Mr. MacWhirter is represented afford some idea of his artistic scope and personal predilections. His

## LOVE OF WOODLAND SCENES

has been manifested on several occasions, notably in "The Three Graces" and "The Lady of the Woods"—pictures which take us back some five-and-twenty years, to a time when he was still struggling

towards the front and had not even reached the dignity of an "A.R.A."—but it may be doubted whether he has ever expressed his feeling for trees more forcibly than in the "Fallen Giant" of this year. Two of the pictures are representations of Edinburgh, the Old Town and the New, and here, as usual, he testifies to his abiding affection for his native soil, though he has generally declared this sentiment through the grandeur of such sequestered scenes as "Morning, Isle of Arran," "Dark Loch Coruisk," and "The Silver Strand, Loch Katrine." A residence of

## NEARLY FORTY YEARS IN LONDON

has not, in fact, diminished Mr. MacWhirter's love of the banks and braes, the lochs and mountains of his own land. He may talk of giving up his London house and going to live in the country, but one guesses what country it is that he has in his mind. If he could but obtain the consent of his family, the "Groves of the Evangelist" would know him no more, and Scotland would become his headquarters. She calls to him year by year, and he invariably responds, making dozens of water-colour sketches of her varied scenery in all its aspects, and sometimes establishing himself in a hut built for the occasion in some remote and beautiful spot, with the companionship of a big canvas and an abundance of brushes and tubes. It is then that he is really happy.

## SWITZERLAND HAS CHARMS FOR HIM

also, as anyone may guess who has stood before "A Flowery Path: Switzerland in June," at Burlington House. In fact, it is in June, or perhaps a little earlier, that he is, as a rule, off to the Swiss mountains. He stays in London long enough to see the Academy open, and then he is away, filling his sketch-book with studies, enjoying the exhilarating air of Switzerland; thence probably proceeding to Italy, or elsewhere, for he is an enthusiastic traveller, and eventually, before the autumn has well advanced, planting his foot

## ON HIS NATIVE HEATH.

What a harvest of studies and sketches he brings home with him to Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, and what a bewildering process to make up his mind which of the fascinating scenes that he has registered are to be worked out on big

canvases during the limited daylight of winter and finished in the spring! Mr. MacWhirter can never make use of all the working material that he has collected, for he is always adding to its volume. His portfolios are already overflowing, but in his spacious studio there is room for many more. Such is the round of the artist's life, and he follows it year after year. In the summer and autumn, travel and pleasure, combined with the pursuit of art under the happiest conditions. In the winter, strenuous work on which he concentrates himself with such intensity that he has to be assiduously guarded from the slightest interruption—a duty affectionately undertaken by his family—and occasionally the

## RELAXATION OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

In the spring, the sense of achievement and the anticipation of those holiday tasks that only make the holidays richer and more delightful. It is a plan of life that could scarcely be improved upon, and those who would like to adopt it had better become successful landscape-painters at once.



MR. JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside

## HORS D'OEUVRES.

*Two Months in London with Hard Labour—Advance, America!—Is the King in Society?—“Shamrock II.”—Disastrous Moral Effects of Yacht-Racing—Constitution-als—Hereditary Cricket-Matches?*

THE pleasures of the Season have now set in in their most painful form. The pitiless rigour of London amusement is reigning in its fullest severity. Like the gentleman Gus Elen is singing about, who is annoyed at not being able to get up a quarrel with his wife, it makes us miserable to be so happy. Visitors, determined upon enjoying themselves at any cost with a bulldog tenacity creditable even in Englishmen, are wedged into all the great hotels.

These latter are tending to become so large that they will shortly want a postal and telegraph system and a railway service of their own, with a tourists' map for strangers. They are said to hesitate about Americans, who eat a good deal but do not drink. Of Americans the supply seems a record one. Swollen up to the fifth magnitude by years of national prosperity (backed up by the credulity of investors in the country), successful speculators have come over to spend the proceeds of the Northern Pacific gamble in a grand Eu-ropean flutter. Another New York millionaire is said to be crossing “for recreation,” like Mr. Morgan, so we may hear of the purchase of one of our vast railway systems at any moment.

Even this year the presence of the King in town will make a great difference. Or, perhaps not. Some of these “Society” correspondents are so exclusive that one wonders that His Majesty is sufficiently “in the movement” to be taken account of. It must be quite a weight off the Sovereign's mind to find himself “given a notice.” How the King must smile at much of the adulation!

The yachting season may be said to break out this week. Sir Thomas Lipton has now repaired so much of *Shamrock II.* that there cannot be much left of the original vessel except the anchor and the port-holes. Most of the yacht is “repairs.” If any more of her goes to the bottom he will have a submarine boat. But why not start a *Daily Shamrock* newspaper? To account for her ill-luck hitherto, someone has calculated that Sir Thomas's age, added to the date of the month of the launch, multiplied by the number of rivets in the hull, will, after subtracting forty-three and dividing by the number of the year—1901—make thirteen, the unlucky number!

A race in which one yacht has the same name as its predecessor is regrettable from its injurious effect on public morality. Two-year-old photographs of the *Shamrock* are dug up again, French-polished, and worked off on helpless provincials as “latest views of the Challenger.” Comparatively few people have ever seen Sir Thomas Lipton balanced on the edge of his plank—on board his yacht, I should say—and would accept a picture of a full-rigged ship or a torpedo-destroyer “without turning a hair.” Comic journalists revive the *jeux d'esprit* of the day-before-yester-year and unblushingly impose them anew upon a groaning Empire. The farthing illustrated papers wipe the dust of ages off the well-worn blocks of the America Cup. “Mr. Iselin Lunching on the *Defender*,” being “restored,” becomes “The King Taking Afternoon-Tea on *Shamrock II.* with Sir Thomas Lipton.” “Mr. Morgan Testing his New Racing-Machine,” by a private arrangement with the printers, appears as “The Two *Shamrocks* and Sir Thomas Lipton: Yesterday's Trial.”

The America Cup seriously inconveniences the dramatists writing plays for the autumn season. They must not only, as up till now, violate art and stultify the action of the piece by “writing round” one man—the actor-manager—drag in a new earthquake or sensational troupe of performing dogs, and submit to open insults from the scene-shifters. The end of each Act must now lead up to the America Cup, and the principal speeches “cut” to give the stage-manager time to come on between each scene and read telegrams about the spinnaker-boom of the Challenger and the latest odds. There are “trials” in store for playwrights as well as for the competing yachts.

Supposing the contest to begin in September, will there be any chance of its finishing by Christmas, or will they be still sailing “draws”? Will crowds assemble on the Embankment through the long winter nights to watch the so-called results of the races signalled from the newspaper offices? Modern sport tends to run to seed. Cricket teams meet each other continuously for years before there is a win on either side. Great batsmen go in and take out a sort of lease of the pitch for a large part of the season. As things are going, we shall have preliminary paragraphs in the sporting columns announcing the “last weeks of Mr. Average's innings.” Towards the end of a match, a great smiter will celebrate the millenary of his first run.

In Japan, families play hereditary games of go-bang. Why not cricket-innings handed down from father to son for generations? How exciting the Derby would be if run daily for six weeks in the hope that it would eventually occur to some one enterprising horse to obtrude his person beyond the other patient animals plodding round the course, and win!

HILL ROWAN.

## THE GIRLS, THE BEER, THE DOGS OF MUNICH.

A CHAT BY HOWARD PAUL.

WE are supposed to consume a tremendous quantity of beer in England, but we are not “in it” with Bavaria. Take Munich, for instance: an aromatic odour of beer hangs about the city like a fragrant mist. Everything is done with an accompaniment of beer. It is given to babies when milk runs short. It is quite in order before breakfast, before dinner, after dinner, right up to bedtime, when it is taken as a nightcap. The municipal law prescribes how much daily beer you shall allow your maid or man servant. If you make an appointment with a friend, it is done over a jug of beer. Business is conducted on the same lines. If you desire to have a person go an errand, shovel coal, chop wood, or perform any odd job, beer is on the tapis to set the matter in motion. It is *toujours* beer.

Beer is food, drink, and panacea. If you have a headache, you must drink cold beer; if you have caught cold, warm beer; too much beer (if such an excess is possible) overnight, more beer. If you are seriously ill,

YOUR BEER IS NOT CUT OFF,

but cut down. If you wish to grow fat, drink dark beer; if you object to adiposity, drink light beer. If you have given up drinking beer, the Bavarian does not think you merely eccentric, but concludes there must be something radically wrong with you in mind and body.

So Munich is a city of cafés, breweries, and beer-halls. A German statistician has calculated that the tramways of the city derive two-thirds of their income conveying people to cafés from their homes and places of business. Once a Münchener finds a café to his liking, he frequents it for the rest of his life, no matter how inconvenient or how far distant,

In some of the cafés the tables are often almost solely occupied by women. They sit in groups, forming what are known as “Kaffekränzen.” They are a national institution, and suggest the old-fashioned sewing-circles.

BISMARCK SAID

that these groups of chatterboxes destroyed reputations faster than they could be built up; but, as German women take little interest in politics, the Government has not been called upon to suppress them. The “Klatsch” is primarily for gossip, but, as a German woman is rarely idle, she brings her sewing or knitting; divested of bonnet and wraps, she is comfortably disposed of for the afternoon.

The members of the “Klatsch” are of all ages. Sometimes they indulge in beer, often a cup of coffee or glasses of *eau-sucrée*, with the accompaniment of slabs of gingerbread, the whole expenditure being about fourpence a-head, including a tip of a halfpenny to the waitress. Thus they spend an afternoon at a nominal outlay, and they have not forgotten to let the fire out at home.

The service in the cafés is mainly performed by girls, and most of them are tolerably good-looking, otherwise they would not be engaged as “Kellneinnen.” Primarily, their occupation is to wait on customers, but equally they are supposed to attract custom, and so conduct themselves as to retain it. An experienced,

SHARP, BRIGHT WAITRESS

usually has a number of acquaintances, and she is expected to attract these in her train when she enters upon a new service. The duration of her usefulness depends somewhat on how long she can keep her little band of followers faithful to her.

There is an astonishing display of femininity on fine days in the streets of Munich. If one may judge by the strings of women one meets on the principal promenades, the sex called “fair” must enormously outnumber the male population. And it is not a city of slender sylphs of the airy, fairy Lilian order.

THE MUNICH MAIDEN

is usually of generous proportions, solidly built, and we meet many bright-blue eyes and countless tresses of wheaten and flaxen hue. And they realise the physical condition known colloquially as “rude health,” able to support any amount of fatigue and go through an incredible amount of exertion when called upon.

THE DOGS OF MUNICH

deserve a paragraph. The Bavarians are not an extravagant race, but no family is so poor that it can't afford to keep a dog. In public consideration the animal ranks a little lower than the women and children. Dogs are everywhere, and every tramcar passing has a string of dogs after it—dogs whose owners are passengers. At the entrance of the large shops, groups of sedate, patient dogs can be seen waiting for their masters. In the cafés the dog is prominent. Everybody takes his animal with him—sometimes two or three—and, after the dogs have lapped their beer or saucer of coffee—for the dog fares like his master—there is such a scampering and shuffling under the chairs and tables as to suggest a miniature Pandemonium, but no one seems annoyed at the mêlée. It is only from the banks that dogs are rigidly excluded, and a porter is placed at the door of each bank for the purpose of checking your pet, like an umbrella or a parcel. The Munich dog, mostly a dachshund, is intelligent and good-natured. He romps with the cats without biting them, carries umbrellas and canes much larger than himself, and is never disobedient except when he has indulged in too much beer.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT BY FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS  
AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.



EARL AND COUNTESS ROBERTS, WITH COLONEL RICARDO, LEAVING THE HALL.



GRAND PERFORMANCE OF JULLIEN'S "BRITISH ARMY QUADRILLES" UNDER BANDMASTER ROGAN.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "RECRUITOGRAPH" COMPANY.

## THE "RECRUITOGRAPH."

I TRUST that a short sketch of this latest method for obtaining recruits may not be without interest. It was so evident that the pessimism of many persons as to the Army being a suitable career sprang from ignorance that it occurred to the writer that this ignorance might be dispelled if

## ANIMATED PHOTOGRAPHY WERE EMPLOYED

to show the actual life of a soldier. The War Office authorities testified their willingness to forward the scheme in every way, and gave the needful letters of introduction and authority, in order that photographs might be secured.



A "RECRUITOGRAPH" LANTERN-SLIDE.

by their pets, or engaged in those sterner exercises which would stand them in good stead in the grim earnest of war.

Left, however, to the mere civilian, even these pictures would have probably been incoherent and scrappy, and once again the experience of those in authority proved of the utmost value. Various preliminary shows were given, and at each of these

GENERAL BORRETT, INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF RECRUITING, attended, and, although much pressed with his own peculiar work, gave many valuable suggestions and detailed a sequence in the order of the pictures which rendered what would otherwise have been but a pretty picture-show into a well-ordered and thought-out life of a soldier.

## THE "RECRUITOGRAPH"

was ready to go on tour. After consultation with the Colonels commanding the Districts, it was decided to take Staffordshire and Worcestershire for the initial visit, and, one cold night in March, the snow hurrying down as though to grace our opening venture, to an audience composed of hard-headed Midlanders, with much fear and trembling as to our reception, we gave our first public performance. It was a success. From the chilly applause that greeted us as strangers the enthusiasm gradually grew, until, as one traced the career of the raw recruit, his physical drill and gymnastic exercise—now treating him as a member of the Infantry, now as an Engineer engaged in escalading or at redoubt exercise, or, again, as Mounted Infantry, and saw him engaged in trench-digging; or, suddenly changing the scene, we came upon him indulging in camp-sports or in preparing his breakfast—we found our audience gradually becoming more and more interested. Then we assumed our recruit had elected

## TO JOIN THE CAVALRY,

and a splendid gallop past was greeted with rousing cheers. Various types of cavalrymen were thrown upon the screen, and such pastimes as hurdle-jumping and racing were shown to the audience; and then, introduced by a picture of General Gordon, the Royal Artillery were depicted in various exercises, and members of the Army Service Corps were introduced and ended with life by the animated pictures.

## OUR VOLUNTEERS AND COLONIAL TROOPS

were shown, always to the accompaniment of the heartiest cheers; and then, other titles being merged into that of "Soldiers of the King," we saw them all "out on active service wiping something off a slate," and wound up with an appeal to those present who could so do to join the Army.

## ITS APPLICATION AND RESULTS.

In all, we gave twenty-five lectures during the initial tour. Lichfield, Burton-on-Trent, Kidderminster, Droitwich, Redditch, and Worcester were amongst the various towns visited, and everywhere we were received with happy enthusiasm.

In some instances the help of

## THE RECRUITING SERGEANT

was evoked, but sometimes, even when interest was aroused, the actual enlistment would for many reasons be a matter of time. There are certain persons who judge the progress of the War in South Africa by a perusal of the posters issued daily by the various newspapers, but such an elementary manner of arriving at conclusions is always misleading. So with the "Recruitograph," time alone will show the garnered results.

Our tour was not without its humorous side. One dear old lady, evidently being of a morbid turn of mind, wished to know whether our "cemeterygraph" was a success, whilst a young damsel waited at our hotel and tearfully inquired whether, if "her Bill" carried out his determination to enlist, he would be for ever condemned to a state of celibacy.

E. E.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

M R. J. M. BARRIE'S new play will be produced, according to present arrangements, in Baltimore about the end of October. Mr. Barrie is thinking of going over to give help in the rehearsals. Miss Maud Adams, who will play the principal part, has been only a couple of days in London. She has taken an extraordinary position in America as an actress, far exceeding that of Mary Anderson in her palmiest days. The new play is after the manner of Jane Austen, and the time is near the beginning of last century.

The lawsuit between Mr. Hall Caine and Messrs. Pearson raises very important questions, and editors at least will wish that the case should go through in order that these may be decided. So far as I understand, the question whether an editor is entitled to leave out passages of a story is not raised, but it may happen that an unpleasant chapter is vital for the book, as the plot may turn upon it. In that case it cannot be left out, and the story must be continued unless the author consents to re-write it. One of our most eminent novelists has twice, at least, been asked by editors to leave out passages of his manuscript, and has consented to do so, restoring the passages when the stories were published as books. Of course, the ideal arrangement would be that the editor should read the story before publishing it, but this is seldom possible nowadays in the case of established authors who have accepted commissions for years in advance.

The value of the late Mr. George Smith's estate on which duty has been paid is £761,963. It must not be supposed that this fortune was made by publishing. Mr. Smith was, no doubt, fortunate as a publisher. He had the copyright of Charlotte Brontë's four books for £1250, and "Jane Eyre" alone must have realised in profits more than twenty times this sum. But, while large fortunes have been amassed and are being amassed by the proprietors of newspapers, it may be doubted whether any Englishman by the publication of books alone has ever become very rich. Mr. Smith has remembered his esteemed Manager, who has been connected with his firm for something like fifty years.

Mr. G. S. Layard is being justly praised for the judicious manner in which he has compiled the biography of Mrs. Lynn Linton. Interesting as his book is, it would have been far more so if he had been able to print in anything like fulness the two remarkable series of letters written by Mrs. Lynn Lynton. In her youth she was engaged to a Roman Catholic gentleman. She loved him, and would have abandoned her Agnosticism for his sake if she had found it possible. It could not be, and they separated. The lover found consolation elsewhere, but all through her life Mrs. Lynn Linton continued to correspond with him. Not one of her letters, however, has been recovered. When she separated from her husband, he going to America and she remaining in England, she still maintained the relation of correspondent. So this strange, fierce, tender-hearted woman wrote, I suppose, every week to the two men with whom her life had been closely linked. Mr. Layard says rightly that Mrs. Linton and her husband never met after their separation, but I have been told on very good authority that on one occasion, when Linton was over in this country delivering some kind of a lecture, his wife stole unobserved into the gallery and looked on his face once more.

I am attracted by Mr. S. R. Lysaght's "Poems of the Unknown Way," just published by Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. Lysaght gave promise some years ago as a novelist, and was welcomed by such men as George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson, but he has made little progress in that direction. As a poet, however, he is far above the present average. Take this moving and pathetic verse—

You, who desired no laurel of the race,  
But the approval of one absent face;  
For whom has earth no home, no place of rest  
Save in the bosom where you may not lie;  
Beggared of all but Love's immortal right,  
Still for the sake of one you lost to fight!  
Oh, we have met upon the unknown quest,  
And watched the stars together, you and I.

This has turned me back to a poem which Mr. Lysaght published fifteen years ago, a poem which, I suppose, is now quite forgotten. It was entitled "A Modern Ideal" and parts of it recall Sydney Dobell. I take from it a few beautiful lines—

A few stones piled together long ago,  
Half fallen again to ruins, have a charm  
To hallow all the world. The sweetest sounds  
Are those most near akin to silences,  
Such as sea whispers rippling at the prow  
When the loud engine ceases; muffled bells,  
Or echoes of a far-off wave of song  
In mellow minsters; and the sweetest thoughts  
Are those far whispers of humanity,  
And love and death, which none can ever hear  
Amid the mighty voices of the world.

Miss Beatrice Heron-Maxwell has published, through Francis Griffiths, a volume of short stories under the title of "What May Happen." The stories are written with an admirable brevity and directness which make them readable, and, though unequal, the book shows talent. "A Bit of Diplomacy," for instance, is excellent, and, however unreal her plots may be, the authoress has the power of writing in a convincing way and of colouring them with life and interest and brightness.

O. O.



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND AND THE GERMAN EMPRESS ON THEIR WAY TO THE REVIEW AT THE TEMPELHOFER FELD, BERLIN.



[See "The Sketch" Small Talk.]

THE GERMAN EMPEROR RETURNING FROM THE GRAND REVIEW IN HONOUR OF QUEEN WILHELMINA: PASSING THROUGH  
UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OTTO MAR ANSCHUTZ, BERLIN.

## MR. TREE AND HIS TOUR.

## HIS REPERTORY RECONSIDERED.

IT is becoming more and more evident that our leading actor-managers, although they are the busiest of men, seek to emulate the 'busman who, when he wants a holiday, always speedily betakes himself to another 'bus. Thus, it was not surprising to find that Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who finished his season at Her Majesty's the other Saturday afternoon, went off on the following Monday for a little change by starting a suburban tour at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill. This present week, Mr. Tree and Company are at one of Mr. E. G. Saunders's other and newer theatres, namely, the Camden at Camden Town. The ever-flourishing Tree will, anon, proceed to several other leading suburban houses before returning to Her Majesty's in order to produce the Poet Phillips's new Homeric play written around some of the men and cities seen by the late Ulysses. It, therefore, seemed not utterly inappropriate to offer *Sketch* readers some account of the deeply interesting series of impersonations which Mr. Tree has, after a long interval, revived in order to tour withal.

This revived group of characters is as varied as arduous. In the first place, it comprises the old Russian Spy, Paul Demetrius, in "The Red Lamp," in which strong drama of Mr. Outram Tristram's Mr. Tree first achieved renown under his own management at the Comedy Theatre. Mrs. Tree also making a marked success as the Princess Claudia. Then, secondly, Mr. Tree includes in this list the character of the sometime relentless, but subsequently repentant, bushranger in Mr. Haddon Chambers's "Captain Swift," which was put up at one of Mr. Tree's matinées soon after he had given up the management of the Comedy for that of the Haymarket. At that trial-matinée, some thirteen years ago, "Captain Swift," thanks to the fine acting of Mr. Tree as young Wilding (a romantic ruffian), and of Lady Monckton as that dashing desperado's secret mother, obtained so striking a success that it was very speedily put into the Haymarket evening bill. The play remained therein some time, bringing its clever and daring young Australian author quite a large weekly sum in "royalties"—or "percentages upon the gross." "Captain Swift," perhaps the first, and certainly the most powerful, of what are now called "drawing-room melodramas," has several times been revived by Mr. Tree, but not, methinks, since he put it up when in the early days of his then very new Her Majesty's Theatre. Still, it is always welcome, if only for Mr. Tree's own performance of the name-part, which is what the most latter-day critics would describe as "highly strenuous"—that is, when the said critics are not too much saturated with "problem" plays.

As to "Trilby," everybody will remember the craze that was caused when Mr. Paul Potter, an Anglo-American journalist, adapted it from the late Mr. Du Maurier's just then famous story of the same name. This dramatisation was first produced in America, and was soon afterwards secured by Mr. Tree, who was then touring in the States. As Svengali, originally played by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, Mr. Tree achieved one of his greatest character-acting successes, and the charming Miss Dorothea Baird (Mrs. H. B. Irving) came right to the front by her impersonation of the fascinating Trilby, whose American representative was the popular Miss Virginia Harned.

Mr. Tree, Mr. Du Maurier, and Mr. Potter each netted a large sum by "Trilby," despite the fact that sundry other stage-versions cropped up from time to time. Mr. Tree's revival of this once enormously popular play will doubtless cause another "Trilby" craze to arise. Indeed, even since his announcement of this revival a very good five-and-twenty minutes' version has been staged in the music-halls. In this, Svengali is enacted by a sometime popular provincial representative of the part, Mr. A. L. Baron to wit.

As though any one of the above-mentioned arduous characters were not enough histrionic toil for one evening, Mr. Tree, whose appetite for work is of a Gargantuan order, plays each night—to say nothing of his matinées—either the tatterdemalion poet in "The Ballad-Monger," as adapted from De Bawville's powerful little drama, "Gringoire," thrilling the audience with his delivery of the "Ballade of the Hanged," with its

grim refrain, "It is the Orchard of the King," or he puts in an additional hour's work as Petruchio in a cut-down version of David Garrick's cut-down version of "The Taming of the Shrew" as adapted by Shakspere from old George Whetstone's previously popular play of the same name.

Happily, the iconoclastic Garrick, who moulded all plays to suit his fancy—even as he was wont, according to his wife, to "write his own notices"—could not make such sweeping changes in "The Taming of the Shrew" as he did in "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," and "King Lear," to each of which he gave happy endings. This cut-down comedy affords both Mr. and Mrs. Tree excellent scope for an hour's bright play-acting, and forms a right merry contrast to the more serious play of the evening.

In addition to the above characters, in all of which Mr. Tree is duly pictured in the current *Sketch*, this most versatile actor will play on his tour the sometime softened financier in "A Bunch of Violets," as adapted by Mr. Grundy from his previous adaptation, "Mammon," of Octave Feuillet's "Montjoye."

It is the fashion in some journalistic quarters to make mock of the Actor-Manager, as though he never did anything worth mention. Surely Mr. Tree's long and varied record, although more than twenty years shorter than Sir Henry Irving's splendid list of achievements, makes all such mockers appear what the perplexed "Jackey" in "It's Never Too Late to Mend" calls "dam' redicklus."

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

## NOTES ON PICTURES.

A COLLECTION of water-colour drawings of the Holy Land and Egypt by the late Henry A. Harper, who died a few months ago, is now exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, and will engage more than ordinary interest by reason of his peculiarly sympathetic and individual method of depicting those Eastern scenes that exercised so great a fascination over him. These representations of wide stretches of desert, of characteristic Oriental buildings and people, and of many scenes associated with Biblical and historical lore, emphasise a refined perceptive faculty that could discover delicate colour-harmonies even under the strong glare of an African sun, and will, perhaps, convey to many a new conception of Eastern scenery.

## CONTINENTAL GALLERY.

Much that is charming is included in the group of oils, water-colours, and pastels by A. S. and Lily Hartrick at the Continental Gallery. A particularly happy idea is that which Mrs. Hartrick has carried out in the series entitled "A Year in the Garden," each month being distinguished by its particular flower, and all these executed with a tender regard for

their characteristics of colour and form. She also shows other good work, and Mr. Hartrick is well represented by a number of pastels, of which the decorative blue-and-gold arrangement called "Christmas Eve: The Wassailers," and the rustic "Darby and Joan," especially call for notice.

## DORÉ GALLERY.

Visitors to this gallery will surely be unable to resist the mirth-provoking qualities of the work of the American caricaturists, A. T. Crichton, R. C. Bowman, and H. Davenport, even though these humorists indulge in many sly digs at John Bull and his not invariably felicitous way of meeting his troubles at home and abroad. It must, at least, be said for the American comic artists that there is no venom in their pencils, while their fun is superabundant. There is also an exhibition of the *Graphic* black-and-white drawings of the War in South Africa by various accomplished artists, including Messrs. Hatherell, de Haenen, Craig, Dadd, Charlton, and Frapp.

## THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY.

A spirited picture of General French's Division advancing on Kimberley, by Mr. G. D. Giles, is exhibited by Mr. Thomas McLean, 7, Haymarket. The work includes several portraits, and very close attention has been given by the artist to the details of uniform and accoutrements, while admirable observation is shown in the rendering of the horses. In reality, of course, the rapid advance of a squadron of cavalry, with its accompaniment of dust, gives little opportunity for the observation of minutiae.



MR. TREE AS SVENGALI IN "TRILBY."

Photo by Turner and Drinkwater, Hull.

## MR. BEERBOHM TREE

IN SOME OF HIS FAMOUS PARTS THAT HE IS NOW PLAYING ON TOUR.



AS MR. WILDING IN "CAPTAIN SWIFT."



AS PETRUCHIO IN "KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO."



AS GRINGOIRE IN "THE BALLAD-MONGER."



AS DEMETRIUS IN "THE RED LAMP."

*From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*

## WORCESTER PARK SPORTS CLUB.

**A** GLANCE at the photographs reproduced on these pages will be sufficient to show that the Worcester Park Sports Club were favoured with delightful weather and a very good attendance on the occasion of their

## GYMKHANA AND JUMPING COMPETITION

held last Saturday week in the Deer Pound, Motspur Park. But the pictures are worth more than a passing glance, if only for the fact that they show some charming winners of really interesting events.

In the

## LADIES' DRIVING COMPETITION,

always a pretty sight, the first prize was secured by Mrs. Robinson, the second by Mrs. Gush, and the third by Miss Hylton-Foster. The competitors were required to drive down a bending course, turn round a post, and return through two straight rows of pegs.

Another popular event was the

## LADIES' EGG-AND-SPOON RACE

on horseback, the conditions being that the fair riders should carry an egg in a spoon the length of the course whilst mounted. Thanks to her equestrian skill and the sure-footedness of her steed, Alphonso, Miss G. Wyllie was declared the happy winner.

Other events included a Tandem Class, a Ladies' Toast-fork Bicycle



GYMKHANA OF THE WORCESTER PARK SPORTS CLUB: LADIES' EGG-AND-SPOON RACE ON HORSEBACK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

Race (in which the competitors had to pick up, whilst riding, six apples), the Apple-and-Bucket Race (the rider was obliged to proceed to a bucket, dismount there, seize an apple from the bucket with his teeth, remount, and ride thence with the apple in his mouth to the winning-post), and an Unsaddling Race, on ponies.

Another pretty event was the

## AFFINITY RACE, ON PONIES.

Each gentleman had to ride a barebacked pony, leading a second pony with a side-saddle to a fixed spot, and there to assist a lady to mount the second pony, and from thence to ride to the winning-post with the lady, each holding the same handkerchief.

## THE RESCUE RACE

also caused much interest and amusement. Each rescuing competitor was required to ride one pony and lead another to a certain place; to dismount, leave his ponies there, and cross over two obstacles, rescue a prisoner, and return over the obstacles carrying him; then to remount his own pony and lead the rescued prisoner home mounted on the led pony. The weight of the rescued prisoner had to be at least ten stone, and the rescuer was obliged to lead the rescued past the winning-post.

Mrs. Blake kindly lent her grounds, and Lady Bucknill presented the prizes. The judging was in the hands of Major E. F. Coates, Mr. A. J. Curnick, M.S.H., and Mr. J. Page. The Starter was Mr. Walter Butler. During the course of the afternoon, the Maldens and Coombe Military Band played a selection of music under the direction of Mr. Arthur Timbers.

## THIS MONTH'S MARRIAGES.

**O** WING to the fact that unlucky May comes between them, April and June can claim to be the two great marrying months of the year. Several charming June weddings have already taken place; quite a number of people elected, for instance, to be married on the 1st, and great was the gathering of Irish notabilities in honour of Mr. Turlough O'Brien and his pretty bride, Miss Ethne Browne. To-day (June 12) takes place an interesting Anglo-American marriage—that of Miss Clothilde Hall to Mr. Walsham Hare; the bride is the adopted sister and intimate friend of Miss Van Wart, a lady famed for her originality and clever methods of entertaining. The ceremony will take place in the most fashionable of Hymen's temples, St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and a quaint feature will be the presence of eight tiny pages dressed in pale blue, replacing the orthodox train of bridesmaids.

## A COURT MARRIAGE.

Miss Judith Harbord, one-time Maid-of-Honour to the late Sovereign and a great favourite with all the Royal Family, will be married to-morrow to the Rev. F. Sullivan, who has a delightful living not far from Windsor. Miss Harbord is the last of Lord and Lady Suffield's unmarried daughters, and a great deal of sympathy is felt with her parents. Like all her sisters, Miss Harbord is strikingly good-looking, and is thought by many people to resemble Lady Carrington, who is, however, nearly twenty years older than herself. The only one of Lord Suffield's daughters who will not be present at the marriage will

be Mrs. Derek Keppel, who is accompanying the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. It is very probable that one or two of the younger members of the Royal Family, notwithstanding their deep mourning, will be present at the marriage, the more so that Lady Musgrave, one of the bride's sisters, is Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Victoria.

## ANOTHER ROYAL WEDDING.

On Saturday will be celebrated yet another marriage in which the Royal Family take great interest—that of Mr. Dermot Blundell, the intimate friend of the late Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, to Miss Dudley Ward, the pretty young granddaughter of the late Madame de Falbe. King Edward and Queen Alexandra have known the bride from infancy, and she has received some delightful gifts from various members of the Royal Family.

Edinburgh cyclists are arranging for a fancy-dress parade, when a collection will be made for the Shilling Fund for our Soldiers' Widows and Orphans. Last year, this parade was a great success, and some £300 was collected for this deserving fund. Great ingenuity was shown by many of the riders in their get-up. Meanwhile, the Midlothian cyclists have secured a concession from the County Council, in the form of a bye-law which enacts that, during the period of one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise, every person in charge of a wagon, cart, or other vehicle, loaded with trees, timber, or other material projecting five feet in the rear of the vehicle, shall carry a lighted lamp attached to the back. Penalty for infringement, £2.

## WORCESTER PARK SPORTS CLUB:

GYMKHANA AND JUMPING COMPETITION.



Miss Hylton-Foster (3).

Mrs. Gush (2).

Mrs. Robinson (1).

LADIES' DRIVING COMPETITION: THE WINNERS.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENCLOSURE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT (NOW APPEARING AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE)  
IN SOME OF HER MOST FAMOUS CHARACTERS.



AS "LA TOSCA."



AS "LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS."



AS "THE DIVINE SARAH."



AS PHEDRE.

*From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS FÉDORA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

SCENES FROM "THE WILDERNESS," MR. ESMOND'S PRETTY COMEDY, AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

ACT I.: A BOND STREET TEA-SHOP.

*The Hon. Jack Kennerley (Mr. Graham Browne) takes tea, on the sly, with Mabel Vaughan (Miss Eva Moore).*



ACT II.: A LONELY SPOT IN BORCAME BE WOODS.

*Mabel angles for, and catches, Sir Harry Milanor (Mr. George Alexander).*



Jack Kennerley.

Hugh Graeme  
(Mr. C. Aubrey-Smith).

Mabel.

Edith Thorald  
(Miss Julie Opp).Miss Anstruther  
(Miss Henrietta Cowen).

ACT III.: SIR HARRY MILANOR'S HOUSE, MAYFAIR.

*The worldly Miss Anstruther argues that every girl should marry for position rather than love.*

## SARAH BERNHARDT: AN APPRECIATION.

ONCE more has the genius of Sarah Bernhardt asserted itself, and one could hear people asking each other in the corridors of Her Majesty's Theatre on the *première* of "L'Aiglon" what other actress could have played the part of the hapless Napoleon successfully. Indeed, it was difficult to imagine any other actress holding the house during the six Acts of Rostand's play. Perhaps her *Duc de Reichstadt* will not be one of her popular triumphs here, because the admirable tragedy will never catch the fancy of the great English public, but it must still be regarded as one of the great achievements of her amazing career. In nothing is it more remarkable than the fact that, though Coquelin, admittedly an actor of first rank, was playing superbly in a rôle shorter and essentially far more effective than that of the Duke, the actress was not put in the shade for a moment. Rarely have playgoers a chance of seeing such acting as in the scenes between the

YOUTHFUL NAPOLEON AND SERGEANT FLAMBEAU OF THE OLD GUARD.

Anon, we are to see the divine Sarah in some of her old parts—as the heroine of "La Dame aux Camélias," the play long banned from

still be amazed by the energy and vitality, of which she has enough for a regiment. Yet the most prodigious fact is her career since the time when she put out of joint the noses of her *confrères* of the Comédie-Française by proving the draw of their London season and began to reign in almost unchallenged ascendancy. Her fame has spread through the wide world, and at any time during at least twenty years, despite attacks of critics and supporters of would-be rivals, she has remained for living mankind the unique representative of histrionic genius. A few seasons ago, her star seemed to pale a little: ill-health affected even her, critics craving for novelties set up new idols; but here she is back again, and, though some may call the

ART OF DUSE PURER, OR THAT OF RÉJANE MORE SUBTLE,

though even some go so far as to mutter "Vieux jeu," the startling power, the mad rush of words, the singing speech of the golden voice, and the expressive face still have their power to thrill not only those who understand her tongue, but even those to whom her French is Greek.

If a Life of Bernhardt were published as a romance, one would scoff at it as being blatantly false, as being merely one of those false concepts of the general public concerning an actress, and point out wisely that no human being could stand the storm and stress of a career in which almost every hygienic law needful for the ordinary creature



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THE HOME WIND.—BY C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A.

EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (NO. 85 IN GALLERY II.)

our boards; as "La Tosca," the drama with a scene too cruel for the weak nerves of some critics; as *Fédora*, one of her finest impersonations, and as the appalling *Phèdre*, in which she makes the famous classic almost too painfully thrilling.

GREEK, RUSSIAN, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH HEROINES, all will be played amazingly, and show once again the force of genius.

The programme seems prodigious, but everything concerning the artist is prodigious. Her genius is prodigious, her career has been prodigious, her position in the artistic world is prodigious, her vitality is prodigious.

CONSIDER THE VITALITY!

After being recognised as leading actress of the world for nearly a quarter of a century, she plays a part as long as *Hamlet*, with speeches far longer than the soliloquies of the Prince of Denmark, and plays it throughout without any attempt at reserving her strength for the big effects that she makes, then trots off to supper, and is early next day at the theatre busy with rehearsals. "How do you take your rest?" someone asked a man of energy. "By doing something else," was the reply. It might apply to

THE GREAT TRAGÉDIENNE.

She is always "doing something else," and doing it as if it were the one thing of her life. If she were mediocrity instead of genius, one would

working immensely has been flaunted. Her triumphs, her hobbies, her adventures, and her accomplishments would seem foolish inventions that one would refuse to swallow as if they were the crocodiles lately shot by her, or the lions and tigers that have been her pets, the coffin she used to travel with, or the clever busts which she has carved. Such writing may sound hyperbolical, but everything concerning her is hyperbolical, and those who doubt whether her power still remains will do well to visit the theatre. Let them

WATCH HER AS "LA TOSCA."

No doubt, since she is but human, her performances vary, but probably on the first night of the revival they will see what may be called one of the wonders of the world. Look, too, at

HER MARGUERITE GAUTIER.

One has seen dozens of representatives of Dumas' frail heroine, from those who have attempted to present her with sordid realism, to those who, like Duse, offer a fantastic virginal picture of the hetaira. In Bernhardt you will find Dumas' incredible creature rendered plausible and played with irresistible pathos—your sense may revolt against the creature, but your senses will revolt against your sense and your tears will force their way when watching the most remarkable histrionic figure of this century presenting for far more than a thousandth time the heroine of the sickly, sentimental story.

## THE FLOATING THEATRE OF THE CHANNEL FLEET.

H.M.S. "Hannibal" and "H.M.S. Semafore"—The Gentleman who Played Priscilla—Lunch in the Gun-Room—I View the Ship—And Make an Intelligent Note.

"THIS is the theatrical ship of the Channel Fleet." So spoke a talented and patriotic Midshipman in the gun-room of the first-class battleship *Hannibal* as he showed me the photographs (one of which, you will observe, has found its way into the favoured pages of *The Sketch*) of "the entertaining and original nautical burlesque" (in two Acts), entitled

"H.M.S. SEMAFORE; OR, THE LASS WHO DIDN'T LOVE A SAILOR."

"The show was held," he continued, "to celebrate the third year of commission and the leave-taking of Commander Tudor. We were anchored at the time off Berehaven, Bantry Bay, one of the least heaven-favoured spots to which the British tar has yet penetrated."

"And how about an audience in such a deserted spot?"

Whilst we lunched, I took stock of the gun-room—the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Sub-Lieutenants, the Middies, and some half-dozen petty officers. Luckily, the port-holes were open, for it was a warm day and the gun-room was fairly crowded. But, when the ship is at sea, they told me, the port-holes, being very near the water-line, have to be kept closed. Then it is the pleasing duty of the junior Middies to stand by these port-holes and open or shut them according to the roll of the ship.

Pictures, I noted, few in number but giving evidence of

## A HIGH TASTE IN ART,

adorned the walls; an L-shaped table ran round two sides, and a small window communicated with a combined bar and kitchen. It was through this small window that the cocktails came.

For lunch, we had soup, fish, joint, cheese, beer, sherry, port, and cigars. I mention these details because there is still an impression in certain quarters that the Middy is fed on

## SALT JUNK AND CRACKER-HASH,

and not because I wish to take any especial credit to myself for the fact that, after lunch, I inspected the vessel from stem to stern and from topmast to keel without a murmur—except of approval.

Francis Manly, Esq. (Mr. T. M. David). Captain Haultain (Lieut. A. B. Barrow).



Priscilla  
(Mr. A. F. Sawyer).

Lady Blewe  
(Mr. H. A. Colt).

Admiral Sir Blowhard Blewe  
(Lieut. C. E. Le Mesurier). The Fairy Godmother  
(Sub.-Lieut. J. Cole Hamilton).

GROUP OF ACTORS WHO TOOK PART IN THE PERFORMANCE OF "H.M.S. SEMAFORE" ON BOARD H.M.S. "HANNIBAL," DURING THE LATEST CRUISE OF THE CHANNEL FLEET.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Middy—ordering, in his enthusiasm, two special cocktails, *Hannibal* brand—"we had a grand audience. Why, all the Fleet was present, and

## I PLAYED PRISCILLA,

the charming daughter of Admiral Sir Blowhard Blewe, K.H.B."

"Middies step in where bo'suns cannot tread," I murmured. "But how did you get your kit?"

"My kit," was the ready answer, "came from all parts of the world—at least, all the parts we have visited lately. The scenery was by the ship's carpenter—that background in the photo is painted, you know, not real; the piece was written by Lieutenant C. E. Le Mesurier; the stage-manager was Lieutenant Sir Malcolm Macgregor; and the songs and dances were arranged by Mr. A. F. Sawyer, or, in other words, myself."

"Right, O! But, by the way, I wouldn't advise you to throw up the Navy for the stage."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. I would satisfy your artistic yearnings with amateur efforts."

"H'm!" said the disappointed Mr. Sawyer; "in that case, perhaps, we'd better have some lunch, and then, if you like, you shall see the ship."

My guide—I had no opportunity of learning the young gentleman's name, but I am sure to see his portrait somewhere when he becomes an Admiral—evidently took me for a naval expert. Indeed, such a complete mastery of his subject did he display that, for my part, I should feel quite safe were he appointed to the

## ENTIRE COMMAND OF THE SQUADRON

to-morrow. In the meantime, I am perfectly willing to believe, as a result of my examination of the *Hannibal*, that a first-class battleship is worth something like a million pounds.

I think that I was most fascinated by the torpedoes—those smooth, cruel-looking monsters that lurk in the bowels of the ship and wait and wait for the time to come when they shall be sent rushing forth on their death-dealing, destruction-spreading mission. It should be a fascinating form of waging war. But I didn't quite like the off-hand way in which my guide played about with the funny little wheels and levers and things.

Before I forgot it, I had better put down the pencil note that I made on my cuff at the time. Here it is: "The modern battleship is a veritable triumph of mechanical ingenuity." I rather think there's a freshness and a sparkle about that note that does credit to the gentleman whose honoured duty it is to compound the cocktails for the gun-room mess on board H.M.S. *Hannibal*.

KEBLE HOWARD



LAUGH AND BE HAPPY.

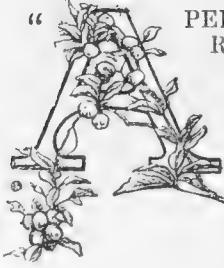
*The "Lancet" says seasonably: "The man who can laugh keeps his health and his friends are glad to keep him. To the perfectly healthy laughter comes often."*

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE DUCHESS'S DILEMMA.

BY CLO. GRAVES.

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"PERSON called to see me!" repeated the Duchess of Rantorlie. "He pleaded urgent business, you say?" She glanced at the card presented by her groom-of-the-chambers without taking the trouble to lift it from the salver. "'Mr. Moss Rubelius. I do not know the name—I have no knowledge of any urgent business. You must tell him to go away at once, and not call again."

"Begging your Grace's pardon," remarked the official: "the person seemed to anticipate a message of the kind—"

"Did he? Then," thought her Grace, "he is not disappointed."

"And, still begging your Grace's pardon," pursued the discreet domestic, "he asked me to hand this second card to your Grace."

It was rather a shabby card, and dog's-eared as though it had been carried long in somebody's pocket; but it was large and feminine, and adorned with a ducal coronet and the Duchess's own cipher, and scribbled upon it in pencil, in the Duchess's own handwriting, were two or three words, simple enough, apparently, and yet sufficiently fraught with meaning to make their fair reader turn very pale. She did not replace this card upon the salver, but kept it as she said—

"Bring the person to me at once."

And when the softly stepping servant had left the room—one of her Grace's private suite, charmingly furnished as a study—she made haste to tear the card up, dropping the fragments into the hottest part of the wood-fire, and thrusting at them with the poker until the last tremulous fragment of grey ash had disappeared. Rising from this exercise with a radiant glow upon her usually colourless cheeks, the Duchess became aware that she was not alone. A person of Semitic appearance, outrageously attired in a travesty of the ordinary afternoon costume of an English gentleman, stood three or four feet off, regarding her with an observant and rather wily smile. Not at all discomposed, he was the first to speak.

"Before burnin' *that*," he remarked, in the thick, snuffling accents of the low-bred of his race, "your Grace ought to have asked yourself whether it was any use. Because—I put it to your Grace, as a poker-player, being told the game's fashionable in your Grace's set—a man who holds four aces can afford to throw away the fifth card, even if it's a king. And people of my profession don't go in for bluff. It ain't their fancy."

"What is your profession?" asked the Duchess, regarding with contempt the dark, full-fed, red-lipped, hook-beaked countenance before her.

"Money!" returned Mr. Moss Rubelius. He rattled coin in his trousers-pockets as he spoke, and the superfluity of gold manifested in large, coarse rings upon his thick fingers, the massy chain festooned across his broad chest, the enormous links fastening his cuffs, and the huge diamond-pin in his cravat, seemed to echo "Money."

The Duchess lost no time in coming to the point. She was not guided by previous experience, having hitherto, by grace as well as luck, steered clear of scandal. But, girl of twenty as she was, she asked, as coolly as an *intrigante* of forty, though her young heart was fluttering wildly against the walls of its beautiful prison, "How did you get that card?"

"I will be quite plain with your Grace," returned the money-lender. "When the first cavalry drafts sailed for South Africa early in the year, our firm, 'aving a writ of *'abeas* out against Captain Sir Hugh Delaving, of the Royal Red Dragoon Guards—I have reason to believe your Grace knew something of the Captain?"

"Yes," said the Duchess, turning her cold blue eyes upon the moist Oriental gaze of Mr. Moss Rubelius, "I knew something of the Captain. You do not need to ask the question. Please go on!"

"The Captain was," resumed Mr. Rubelius, "for a born aristocrat, the downiest I ever see—saw, I mean. He gave our clerks and the men with the warrant the slip by being 'eaded up in a wooden packin'-case, labelled 'Officers' Stores,' and got away to the Cape, where he was killed in his first engagement."

"This," said the Duchess, "is no news to me."

"No," said the money-lender; "but it may be news to your Grace that, though we couldn't lay our 'ands on the Captain himself, we got hold of all his luggage. Not much there that was of any marketable value, except a silver-gilt toilet-set. But there was a packet of letters in a Russia writin'-case with a patent lock, all of 'em written in the large-sized, square 'and peculiar to the leadin' female aristocracy, and signed 'Ethelwyne,' or merely 'E.'"

"And this discovery procures me the pleasure of this interview?" remarked the Duchess. "The letters are mine—you come on the errand of a blackmailer. I have only one thing to wonder at, and that is—why you have not come before?"

"Myself and partner thought, as honourable men of business, it would be better to approach the Captain first," explained the Hebrew.

"His mother died the week he sailed for Africa and left him ten thousand pounds. We 'astened to communicate with him, but—"

"But he had been killed meanwhile," said the Duchess. "You would have had the money he owed—or did not owe—you, and your price for the letters, had you reached him in time; but you did not, and your goods are left upon your hands. Why, as honourable men of business"—her lovely lip curled—"did you not take them at once to the Duke?"

Mr. Moss Rubelius seemed for the first time a little nonplussed. He looked down at his large, shiny boots, and the sight did not appear to relieve him.

"I will be quite plain with your Grace."

"Pray endeavour!" said the Duchess.

"The letters are—to put it delicately—not compromising enough. They're more," said Mr. Rubelius, "the letters a schoolgirl at Brighton would write to her music-master, supposing him to be young and possessed of a pair of cavalry legs and a moustache. There's fuel in 'em for a First-Class Connubial Row," continued Mr. Rubelius, "but not material for a Domestic Upheaval—followed by an Action for Divorce. As a man, no longer, but once in business—for within this last month our firm has dissolved, and myself and my partner have retired upon our means—this is my opinion with regard to these letters, in your Grace's handwriting, addressed to the late Captain Sir H. Delaving: The Duke, I believe, would only laugh at 'em."

The Duchess started violently, and seemed about to speak.

"But, still, the letters are worth paying for," ended Mr. Moss Rubelius. "And your Grace can have 'em—at my price."

"What is your price?" asked the Duchess, trying in vain to read in the stolid Hebrew physiognomy before her the secret purpose of the soul within.

"Perhaps your Grace wouldn't mind my taking a chair?" insinuated Mr. Rubelius.

"Do as you please, sir," said the Duchess, "only be brief."

"I'll try," said the Hebrew, comfortably crossing his legs. "To begin—we're in the London Season and the month of March, and your Grace has a party at Rantorlie for the April salmon-fishing. Angling's my one vice—my only weakness, ever since I caught minnows in the Regent's Canal with a pickle-bottle tied to a string. Coarse fishing in the Thames was my recreation in grub times, whenever I 'ad a day away from our office in the Minories. Trout I've caught now and then, with a worm on a Stuart tackle—since I became a butterfly. But I've never had a slap at a salmon, and the finest salmon-anglin' in the kingdom is to be 'ad in the Haste, below Rantorlie. Ask me there for April, see that I 'ave the pick of the sport, even if you 'ave a Royal Duke to cater for, as you 'ad last year, and, the day I land my first twenty-pounder, the letters are yours."

The Duchess burst out laughing wildly.

"Ha, ha! Oh!" she cried; "it is impossible to help it. . . . I can't! . . . It is so . . . Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shan't disgrace you," said Mr. Rubelius. "My kit and turn-out will be by the best makers, and I'll tip the 'ead gillie fifty pound. I'm a soft-hearted hoss to let the letters go so cheap, but—Moses! the chance of catchin' a twenty-pound specimen of *Salmo salar* that a Royal 'Ighness 'as angled for in vain! . . . Look 'ere, your Grace"—his tones were oily with entreaty—"write me the invitation now, on the spot, and you shall 'ave back the first three of those nine letters down on the nail."

"You have them—?"

"With me!" said Mr. Rubelius, producing a letter-case attached to his stout person by a chain. "The others are—say, in Abra'am's bosom for the present." He extracted from the case three large, square, grey envelopes, their addresses penned in a large, angular, girlish hand. "Write me the invite now," he said, "and these are yours to burn or show to his Grace—whichever you please. The others shall be yours the day I land my twenty-pounder."

The Duchess moved to her writing-table and sat down. She chose paper and a pen and dashed off these few lines—

900, Berkeley Square, W.

DEAR MR. MOSS RUBELIUS,—The Duke and myself have asked a few friends to join us at Rantorlie on April 1 for the salmon-fishing, and we should be so pleased if you would come.—Sincerely yours,

ETHELWYNE RANTORLIE.

"The first letter I ever had, dated from Berkeley Square," commented Mr. Rubelius, as, holding the letter very firmly down upon the blotter with her slim and white but very strong hands, the Duchess signed to him with her chin to read, "that was anything in the nature of a genial invitation."

He allowed the Duchess to take the three letters previously referred to from his right hand, as he dexterously twitched the invitation from the blotter with his left finger and thumb. "This, your Grace, will be as good as half-a-dozen more to me," he observed, "when I show it about and get a par. into the papers."

"Horrible!" cried the Duchess, shuddering. "You would not do that!"

Mr. Rubelius favoured her with a knowing smile as he produced his shiny hat, his gloves, and a malacea-cane, gold-handled, from some remote corner in which he had concealed them.



"Let us, being now on the footing of 'ostess and guest, part friendly,'" he said. "Your Grace, may I take your 'and?'"

"I think the formality absolutely unnecessary," said the Duchess, ringing the bell.

Then the money-lender went away, and she caught up a little portrait of the Duke that stood upon her writing-table, and began to cry over it and kiss it and say incoherent, affectionate things, like quite an ordinary, commonplace young wife. For, after eighteen months of marriage, she had fallen seriously and deeply in love with her quiet, well-bred, intellectual husband, and the remembrance of the silly, romantic flirtation with dead Hugh Delaving was gall and wormwood to the palate that had learned a finer taste. How had she fallen so low as to write those idiotic, gushing letters?

Their perfume sickened her; she shuddered at the touch of them as she would have shuddered at the touch of the man to whom they had been written had he still lived. But he was dead, and she had never let him kiss her. She was thankful to remember that, as she put the letters in the fire and watched them blacken and burst into flame.

"My dear Ethelwyne," asked the Duke, "where did you pick up Mr. Rubelius? Or, I should ask, perhaps, how did that gentleman attain to your acquaintance?"

"It is rather a long, dull story," said his wife, "but he is really an excellent person, if a little vulgar, and— You won't bother me any more about him, Rantorlie, will you?"

She clasped her gloved hands about her husband's arm as they stood together on the river-beach below Rantorlie. The turbid flood of the Haste, tinged brown by spate, raced past between its rocky banks; the pine-forests climbed to meet the mountains, and the mountains lifted to the sky their crowns of snow. There was a smell of spring in the air, and word of new-run fish in the string of deep pools below the famous Falls.

"I will not if you particularly wish it," said her husband. "But to banish your guest from my mind—that is impossible. For one thing, he is hung with air-belts, bottles, and canteens, as though he were starting for a tour in the wildest part of Norway. I believe his equipment includes a hatchet, and I think that wad he wears upon his shoulders is a rubber tent, but I am not sure. He has never heard of prawn-baiting, his rods are of the most alarming weight and size, and his salmon-flies are as large and gaudy as parroquets, and calculated, McDona says, to frighten any self-respecting fish out of his senses. We can't allow such a gorgeous tyro to spoil the best water. He must be sent to some of the smaller pools, with a man to look after him."

"But he—he won't be likely to catch anything there, will he?" asked the Duchess anxiously.

"A seven-pounder, if he has luck!"

"Oh, Rantorlie, that won't do *at all!*" cried Rantorlie's wife in dismay. "I want him to have the chance of something *really big*! It's our duty to see that our guests are properly treated, and, though you don't like Mr. Rubelius—"

"Dear child, I don't dislike Mr. Rubelius. I simply don't think about him any more than I think about the sea-lice on the new-run fish. They are there, and they look nasty. Rubelius is here, and so does he."

"Doesn't he—especially in evening-dress with a red camellia and a turn-down collar?" gasped the Duchess.

The Duke could not restrain a smile at the vision evoked, as Mr. Rubelius, panoplied in indiarubber, cork, and unshrinkables, strode into view. One of the gillies bore his rod, the other his basket. A third followed with that wobbliest of aquatic vehicles, a coracle, strapped upon his back. With a grin, the man waded into the water, unhitched his light burden, placed it on the rapid stream, and stood, knee-deep, holding the short painter, as the frisky coracle tugged at it.

"You're going to try one of those things?" said the Duke, as Rubelius gracefully lifted his waterproof helmet to the Duchess. "You know they're awfully crank, don't you, and not at all safe for a bung—I mean, a beginner?"

"The men, your Grace," explained Mr. Rubelius, "are going to peg me down in the bed of the stream, a little way out from the shore."

"But if your peg draws," said his host, "do you know how to use your paddle?"

"That will be all right, your Grace," said the affable Rubelius. "I know how to punt. Often on the Thames at Twickenham—"

"My dear sir, the Haste in Moss-shire and the Thames at Twickenham are two very different rivers," said the Duke, beckoning his gillies to follow and turning away. "I hope the man may not come to any harm," he said. "Ethelwyne, will you walk down to the Falls with me? I"—he reddened a little—"I sent the others on in carts by road. We see so little of each other these days."

And the young couple started, leaving Mr. Rubelius to be put into his coracle, with much splashing and swearing on his part, by two of the gillies and a volunteer. It was a mild day for April in the North; a single cuckoo called by the riverside, and the Duke and Duchess did not hurry, though Ethelwyne turned back before she reached the Falls, below which the deepest salmon-pools were situated, and where the men, the boats, and the rest of the party waited. She had her rod and gillie, and meant to spin a little desultorily from the bank, the Haste being almost in every part too deep for waders, except in the upper reaches.

"I wonder how that horror is getting on?" she thought, as the gillie baited her prawn-tackle. Then, stepping out upon a natural pier of rough stones leading well out into the turbulent, whitish-brown

stream, the Duchess skilfully swung out her line, and, after a little manipulation, found herself fast in a good-sized fish.

"What weight should you judge it?" she asked the attendant, when the silvery prey had been gaffed and landed.

"All saxteen," said the gillie briefly. "Hech! What cry was that?"

As the man held up his hand the noise was repeated.

"It sounds like somebody shouting 'Help!'" said the Duchess.

And, rod in hand, she ran out upon the pier of boulders, and, shading her eyes with her hand, gazed up stream, as round a rocky point above came something like a tarred washing-basket with a human figure huddled knees-to-chin inside. The coracle had betrayed the confidence of Mr. Rubelius, and drifted with its hapless tenant down the mile and a-half of racing water which lay between Rantorlie and the Falls. The Falls! At that remembrance the laughter died upon the Duchess's lips, and the ridiculous figure drifting towards her in the bobbing coracle became upon an instant a tragic spectacle. For Death waited for Mr. Rubelius a little below the next bend in the rocky bed of the Haste. And—if the money-lender were drowned—those letters . . . yes, those letters, the proofs of the Duchess's folly, might be regained and destroyed, secretly, and nobody would ever—

It seemed an age of reflection, but really only a second or two went by before the Duchess cried out to Rubelius in her sweet, shrill voice, and ran out to the very end of the pier of rocks, and with a clever underhand jerk sent the heavy prawn-tackle spinning out up and down the river. Once she tried—and failed. The second time, two of the three hooks stuck firmly into the wickerwork of the coracle; it spun round, suddenly arrested in its course, but the strong salmon-gut held, and, after an anxious minute or two, the livid Rubelius safely reached shore.

"I've 'ad my lesson," said he, as the gillie administered whisky. "Never any more salmon-fishing for me! It's too tryin'," he gulped, "too 'ard upon the nerves of a man not born to it!" Then he got up, and came bareheaded to the Duchess. His face was very pale and flabby, and his thick lips had lost their colour, as he held out a black leather note-case to her Grace. "You—you saved my life," he said, "and I'm not going to be ungrateful. Here they are—the six letters—look 'em over if you like and see for yourself. And, my obliged thanks to his Grace for his hospitality—but I leave for town to-morrow. Good-bye, your Grace. You won't hear of me again!"

And Mr. Rubelius kept his word.

#### MISS MOLLY LOWELL.

FROM the Carl Rosa Company Miss Molly Lowell brought a pleasing voice and a most charming personality to the Vaudeville Theatre, where she made her first London appearance in "Her Royal Highness." Thence she went to the Drury Lane pantomime of last Christmas twelvemonth, where for some time she played "principal



MISS MOLLY LOWELL, WHO PLAYS GILLIAN IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

boy" in the room of Miss Nellie Stewart, who was out of the bill through illness. Unfortunately, Miss Molly Lowell has only the small part of Gillian, the prosecuting counsel at the Court of Judicia, in "The Silver Slipper." She understudies Miss Winifred Hare, however.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

## MADAME MELBA

reappeared at Covent Garden on Thursday last as the heroine of "La Bohème," the libretto of which opera is founded on Henri Murger's romance of Paris Grisette life, "Vie de Bohème," which, originally appearing as a serial, obtained great popularity as a book long before the late George Du Maurier Anglicised the theme, in a manner, in "Trilby." The author, a true Parisian Bohemian, became famous through this story, but he sank into his old reckless mode of life and died in a hospital. Puccini's sprightly opera introduces several of the most striking scenes of the novel. The Café Momus incident, where the Bohemians order all kinds of dainties and leave a wealthy admirer of one of the ladies to pay the bill, is a very amusing scene, and the music is attractive. Signor Anselmi, the new Italian tenor, who plays the poet-lover, has a charming voice, and acts most agreeably. As a relief to the gloomy incidents of Wagnerian opera, I found "La Bohème" interesting. Madame Melba, the silver-bell charm of whose pure soprano voice is so delightful, afterwards sang the Mad Scene from Donizetti's "Lucia" in her finest style.

## "DIE MEISTERSINGER" OF WAGNER

was given on Derby Night at the Royal Opera with a very strong cast, and the performance was most successful, principals, orchestra, and chorus being alike above reproach. In a work of such complexity, it is seldom indeed that slips do not occur; but on this occasion there were none. Herr Van Rooy was an admirable, if slightly melancholy, Hans Sachs. Mr. David Bispham's imitable Beckmesser was as good as usual; Herr Blass was impressive as Pogner, and Herr Muhlmann sonorous as Fritz Kothner; while Frau Gadski and Herr Knote made an excellent pair both to look at and to listen to. An appeal for the consideration of the audience was made on behalf of Herr Knote before the last Act. He did not need it, however. The sudden attack of hoarseness from which he was said to be suffering was not apparent, and the lovely Prieslied did not lack any of its effect. A special word of praise is due to Herr Reiss, hitherto known to us only as the eldritch Mime in "Siegfried," who is really an extremely good-looking young fellow and who played David very comically.

## MADAME ALBANI IN CANADA.

I received a note, the other day, from the most distant town in Canada, informing me that Madame Albani—a native of Canada—had been

simple country-people brought their own of all kinds, sometimes merely a wooden box. The queerest sort of arm-chairs, cushions, &c., were utilised for the sake of hearing the delightful singing of their gifted countrywoman, who created a tremendous sensation in "God Save the King."

## WAGNER'S GREAT POPULARITY

is not only evidenced by the large audiences which fill Covent Garden on a Wagner night, but also by the crowded and fashionable houses



MADAME MELBA, WHO APPEARED AT COVENT GARDEN IN  
"LA BOHÈME" ON THURSDAY LAST.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

attracted by Wagner concerts in town. A notable instance was the great success of the most interesting concert given recently by Mr. Robert Newman, to whom all music-lovers are so greatly indebted, at the Queen's Hall, where a series of Wagner's overtures, arranged in chronological order, performed to perfection under the direction of Mr. Henry J. Wood, with Mdlle. de Larouvière as the soprano vocalist, yielded much pleasure.

## VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN.

I went to St. James's Hall on June 5 to hear the famous Vladimir de Pachmann, the best living interpreter of Chopin's lovely music. I found the pianist in splendid form, and the hall was entirely packed with his admirers, ladies being in the majority. M. de Pachmann is not only a wonderful player, he is a humorist of the first water, and, while his fingers run over the keyboard with lightning-like rapidity, the pianist flashes the drollest glances upon his fair admirers, whose gloved hands respond with incessant applause.

## THE BECHSTEIN CONCERT-HALL.

All my musical friends should pay an early visit to the new Bechstein Concert-room, in Wigmore Street. I have already been there, and still would go, as the acoustic qualities of the hall are first-rate. Nowhere can you hear a grand-pianoforte to such advantage, and the grand-pianos of Messrs. Bechstein are truly marvellous instruments. Their mechanism is perfect and their volume of tone astonishing. I met Signor Busoni, M. Ysaye, M. de Pachmann, and several popular vocalists at a social gathering invited by Messrs. Bechstein, and a very pleasant function it was.

## M. KUBELIK, THE WONDERFUL VIOLINIST

(portrayed to the life in last week's *Sketch*), has given another recital, and the generally expressed opinion of his playing was that since Paganini no such master of the violin has been heard in London. This youth of twenty has conquered every difficulty of the instrument, the most complicated passages being rendered with magical facility. He is already the musical lion of the Season, no other violinist approaching him in popularity. His audience was an enormous one, and the enthusiasm rose to fever-heat when Kubelik played Paganini's "Campanella" solo.



HERR KNOTE AS SIEGFRIED. HE APPEARED AT COVENT GARDEN IN  
"DIE MEISTERSINGER" ON WEDNESDAY LAST.

Photo by Müller, Munich.

singing in that far-off region with remarkable success, miners, back-woodsmen, and village shopkeepers purchasing seats at the rate of ten shillings to a sovereign, and in one place there were no seats and the

## SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S MEMORIAL.

It is pleasant to hear that the memorial to Sir Arthur Sullivan will be a complete success. A handsome monument in St. Paul's Cathedral and a sufficiently endowed musical scholarship, which will also provide for the maintenance of the winner, will serve to keep in remembrance the name and fame of the great English musician. Messrs. Novello and Co., of Berners Street, who have published many of Sir Arthur's most important works, will receive subscriptions toward the memorial.

## "THE MESSENGER BOY"

finished its long run at the Gaiety last Saturday, the 8th inst., and next Saturday—if things continue to shape sufficiently well—Mr. Edwardes will produce a new musical play which has been long in preparation. The book has been written by Messrs. J. T. Tanner and Harry Nicholls, and set to music by Messrs. Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. The first Act takes place at Biarritz, where you take the waters—and also take your winnings, if you are lucky at the tables. One of the leading characters is a certain very handsome Spanish toreador, who has been staying at Biarritz for a little rest after much highly successful toreadoring in his native land. Presently, a rival, wishing to take down that toreador's number, arranges to secretly procure a tiger for him to fight instead of a bull. This wicked rival, therefore, advertises for a tiger, and presently a human "tiger"—or male servant—answers the advertisement, and comes over to Biarritz in order to get the situation. On finding, however, that he is not at all the kind of tiger required, he would fain return home; but, having had an unsuccessful flutter at the tables, the poor little "tiger" is unable to make tracks.

At this juncture, a beautiful and majestic Spanish donna, who loves the magnificent toreador to distraction and has come to Biarritz to tell him so, finds that the toreador has made other arrangements, and she, too, would fain return to the banks of the Guadalquivir. Passport difficulties now, however, arise, and she is fain to borrow the stony-broke little "tiger" to pass as her husband—that is, for all necessary passportable arrangements. Anon, the revengeful donna plans to pass the diminutive "tiger"

off as the Goliath-like toreador, both *en route* and in those parts of Spain not yet visited by the real toreador. As the tiny "tiger" who is compelled to masquerade as the terrible toreador is played by Mr. Edmund Payne, *Sketch* readers will, of course, guess that many comical complications ensue.

Bound up with the above-mentioned imbroglio are a couple of pretty and effective love-interests, the feminine parties to which are to be played by Miss Florence Collingbourn and Miss Violet Lloyd. The haughty and revengeful Spanish donna will be represented by Miss Queenie Leighton.

Mr. Edwardes is also busy arranging certain other new productions. These, however, are for the farther future. They include the new play for Daly's, for which he has already engaged Miss Maggie May, Miss Evie Greene, and Miss Eldée, daughter of that long-popular beauty, Miss Nellie Bromley; and a musical play, to be produced probably at the Duke of York's, by arrangement between Mr. Edwardes and Mr. Charles Frohman. The characters of Three Lovely Little Girls in this play will be sustained by three appropriately lovely and lively ladies, namely, Miss Edna May, Miss Birdie Irving, and Miss Ada Reeve.

Miss Irving is the daughter of the late fine comedian and character-actor, Mr. Joseph Irving, whose last important impersonation in London

was as Uriah Heep in "Little Em'ly," at the Olympic, some thirty years ago.

By the way, in a recent *Sketch* article, on Mr. Edwardes, that gentleman was described as having started his theatrical career in the Savoy box-office before he became Acting-Manager there. This was a slip. Mr. Edwardes really started at the Savoy as private secretary to his uncle, Mr. Michael Gunn, who was then concerned with the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte. Soon, Mr. Edwardes was made Acting-Manager, and remained so (making all sorts of improvements at the Savoy) until he went into management on his own account at the Gaiety, first in combination with Mr. John Hollingshead, then by himself.

## "ALFRED THE GREAT" PLAYS.

In addition to Mr. Wilson Barrett's new "Alfred the Great" play, "The Christian King" (recently copyrighted), several other "Alfred" plays are threatened in order to be ready for the coming Millenary of the Monarch. Among the authors who have been thus engaged is Mr. Henry Byatt, who finished his King Alfred play as long ago as the commencement of the present century, when he read it to a certain well-known actor-manager; and a play of the same kind is being prepared by another and, as a rule, more "poetic" playwright.

My play-studying readers are, of course, aware that there have been many "Alfred the Great" plays on the English stage. When the Millenary comes, it might be interesting if certain enterprising actor-managers—say, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Lewis Waller—were to revive one of these old-time King Alfred plays apiece. They could take their choice, say, from those "Alfred" plays respectively written by the poets Mallet and Thomson, or those plays (all called either "Alfred" or "Alfred the Great") written respectively by David Garrick and John Home, who wrote "Douglas," the "My Name is Norval" play.

While upon the subject of historical dramas, it may here be mentioned that yet another play is being written around the late unlamented Nero. This newest Nero play is by Mr. E. St. John Bremont.

## "MARIANA."

The Spanish play, "Mariana," has not lasted long at the Royalty: Mrs. Patrick

Campbell will withdraw this much-vaunted but exceedingly mournful play forthwith. She may, however, revive it for a while some time in the autumn. In the meantime, Mrs. Campbell is contemplating the production of Björnson's play, "Beyond Human Power," and a revival of Mr. Pinero's famous comedy, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which is still his masterpiece.

## "TALLY-HO!" AT THE HIPPODROME.

"Yoicks, yoicks! hark for'ard!" "Tally-ho!"—a sensational hunting sketch at the London Hippodrome—was presented last week, and as true to life as one can expect within a stone's-throw of Charing Cross. Though the music of the hounds was missing, real foxhounds were much *en évidence*, and the new musical conductor, Mr. Carl Kiefert, suggestively gave "John Peel." The horses and the riders were real workmen, and, though some of the latter are more wont to tread the boards of Metropolitan theatres, they had splendid seats and rode like true sportsmen, especially Mr. Fitzroy Morgan and Mr. Charles Rock. The sketch is in four scenes, the concluding one affording an opportunity for Mr. Hengler's hunters and plunging-horses to give an exhibition of their marvellous aquatic feats, while the riders displayed equal cleverness in taking to water. The whole sketch goes with a bang.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST, WITH "NESS" AND "NELLY." "NESS" WON SECOND PRIZE AT THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW IN THE ACTRESSES' SECTION.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Cycling in Switzerland—One Advantage of Walking—The British, American, and Continental Tourist—The Writing of Guide-Books.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, June 12, 9.14; Thursday, 9.15; Friday, 9.16; Saturday, 9.16; Sunday, 9.16; Monday, 9.17; Tuesday, 9.18.

I have been spending some days in Switzerland and around its borders. There may be plenty of British cyclists roaming the mountains, but I didn't meet one, though there were plenty of French and German wheelmen. Lots of folks are, I think, deterred from taking their wheels into Switzerland because of "those awful hills." Well, there are awful hills that will make you perspire and puff, and possibly cause you to be crusty-tempered, unless you are a philosopher and take things quietly. I used to get irritated myself at having long tramps. But five months in China completely cured me of that. And here I will make a confession, so that no one will be deceived. I went to Switzerland this year, not to cycle at all, but to climb mountains, clambering through soft snow, to cloudy peaks. Yet the cyclist was strong in me. I never saw a road without judging it from the wheeler's point of view. One afternoon, I rode on a diligence for two hours down a mountain-side. The scenery was magnificent. But I wasn't happy. I was wishing I had my wheel, coasting, coasting, coasting at lightning speed down that slope!

Now, to any cyclist who has a loose eye on Switzerland this summer, but who hesitates because of the stiff climbs, my advice is, in one word, "Go!" You will have long and even tiresome walks; but, then, our feet were given us to walk with as well as to pedal with, and, as a rule, you will have to walk only when among the grandest scenery; the allegation won't be hurled against you that you "scorched" unheedingly through the finest parts. Of course, you shouldn't go if you are not in good riding trim. I mean that the rider who has to dismount and walk the smallest incline had better stay away. On the other hand, a fair all-round rider, who can take most of the hills at home that other riders take, will find the holiday enjoyable. There are excellent maps, "Cartes Routières de Mulhaupt," to be obtained in most of the towns.

Both in France and Switzerland this last fortnight I have seen plenty of cycling tourists, and more and more was I convinced in an old idea of mine that the only natural tourist is the Britisher. The British cyclist seems to make up his mind that he is really a tourist and then proceeds to make himself easily comfortable. I am not referring to him searching out the best hotels wherever he goes, but rather to the way he and his machine are equipped. There are exceptions to all rules, and in arguing they should be dismissed. But the ordinary tourist is a sensible person. (I write that with a quiver of individual appreciation, for I am an ordinary tourist myself.) His machine is usually a good, serviceable roadster; he has the faculty of taking just sufficient baggage and of knowing how to pack it and carry it; he dresses in wholesome,

easy-fitting clothes. I am no Chauvinist. Some people don't think I'm sufficiently British. Perhaps that is because I've seen a good many other countries besides my own. But, as a tourist, I must say the foreigner raises a smile. The American comes the nearest to us, but that is because, when riding on the Continent, he imitates English ways. In his own country he is not so successful, for he doesn't know where to carry his luggage; his machine is too frail for touring purposes, and I don't know if there is a tailor in America who can make a pair of comfortable cycling knickerbockers.

Now and then, you meet a German who is a splendid tourist in theory but something of a failure in practice. He is too well-drilled, and cannot accommodate himself to circumstances. He overloads his machine with luggage-cases, even padlocked things, and there is a lot of strapping and unstrapping. I have found him too scientific and too practical. He is not so much out for a good, breezy, merry holiday as to develop himself physically and "improve his mind."

Frenchmen are out-and-out bad tourists. Their idea of a cycling holiday is to get into a dress as near like that of a racer's as possible, and then "scorch." The other morning, in Chamonix Valley, I lay down under some pines near the roadside—for I was a little tired with climbing and was enjoying a quiet morning's look at Mont Blanc—and saw many French tourists come sweeping along on their wheels. Most of them wore socks, so their calves were bare; they were stripped to their singlets, and their luggage, in four cases out of five, consisted of a paper parcel tied, not very well, to the handle-bars.

There are several things that cycling has done besides sending us into the country to enjoy Nature's beauties and make us physically and mentally stronger. The popularity of wheeling has led to a marked improvement in roads, and it has given a new breath of life to many a picturesque but waning country hostelry. But what we should be particularly grateful for is that it has produced a stock of really valuable guide-books. We all remember the old guide-book with very little information in it, but a lot of high-falutin' gush about scenery and views and

sunshine and small death-rates. You occasionally come across them now in second-rate watering-places, written by the local bookseller or schoolmaster, who mistakes fine writing for good writing. I have a special bookshelf I devote to guide-books, and wonderfully excellent most of them are. The reason is, of course, that the work has been taken up by trained and experienced literary men. This evening, before I sat down to write this article, I spent a couple of hours glancing through two, "Bournemouth and District," by Mr. Clive Holland, and "Holidays in the Eastern Counties," by Mr. Percy Lindley. They are both capital productions, written with a pleasant touch, a due appreciation of the value of words, and both charmingly illustrated. Mr. Clive Holland's is best, because you can carry it in your pocket, and that is where a guide-book should be. If Mr. Percy Lindley would bring out a pocket edition of his "Holidays in the Eastern Counties," it would be additionally valuable. Both East Anglia and Wessex are cycling favourites of mine, and I recommend these two books to my brother wheelmen.

J. F. F.



HARRY RANDALL, WHO IS NIGHTLY DISCUSSING "DRINK" AT THE TIVOLI.

*Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*The Derby.* I, for one, was delighted over the victory of Volodyovski. When the colt won as a two-year-old at Ascot, I pointed in this column to his chances for the Blue Riband of the Turf, and I continued to sing his praises both in and out of season. The three-year-olds may be a bad lot, but of one thing I am certain, and that is that Mr. Whitney's colt is a good one. Huggins did not hurry the horse in his preparation, and, as a matter of fact, he had not got him to his liking until within a fortnight of the race, but he delivered the colt at the post fit to race for a man's life, and the result proved the astute trainer to be a very fine judge. For Lester Reiff's sake, I was especially pleased, for at the Epsom Spring Meeting he had told me that it was the one desire of his life to ride a big winner for Mr. Whitney. To my query, "Why?" he replied, "Because he is such a good sportsman and a perfect gentleman." I think I mentioned this fact at the time, but it will bear repeating to show some people that the gambling gang does not quite monopolise the Turf interests of this country. We at least have a few "good sportsmen and perfect gentlemen" with us.

*The Race.* The crowd at Epsom on Derby Day was, I should say, almost a record one, although I thought there were many more present in Persimmon's year, when the enthusiasm was at its very highest. Volodyovski gained a very easy victory, the only horse to really trouble him being William the Third, who, in my opinion, would not have been in the first six with any other jockey on his back. But M. Cannon shines over this particular course, and he is seldom out of the first three, even when he is riding a commoner like Simon Dale. However, Cannon had no chance against the winner this year, who would, I think, have gained a much easier victory had not Reiff steered a somewhat erratic course. The reception given to the winner was mild in the extreme. All the same, good sportsmen were pleased to see Mr. Whitney getting a turn, and it is a matter for regret that he was not present to lead back the winner. It is estimated that all the American speculators were on the winner, and the bookies maintain that a ton of money has been shipped across the "herring pond" over the result that will never be returned to this country. The winner, as I have before stated, was bred by Lady Meux, who now devotes a deal of her time to philanthropic works.

*A Card.* I give below a specimen of the correspondence I receive almost daily. It is a post-card, and reads thus: "DEAR CAPTAIN COE,—Kindly advise me through the medium of your valuable paper. I have got £10, and should so like to make 5s. a-week. You are the people's friend, and I know will help me if you can. Excuse bad English.—Your obedient servant, CAMDENTONIA." Only one reply can be given to the young lady who penned the above. It is that there is no royal road to fortune on the Turf, and I advise her to make sure of the £10 she has, and not to try to turn it into five shillings per week by the aid of racing. Ladies, as a rule, are bad gamblers. They want their money put on not any particular horse, but the winner. Well, it is, I assure you, my dear Madam, a more than thankless task in trying to please the sterner sex in the matter of finding

winners; but I am afraid I should fail lamentably were I to attempt to guess at horses for the ladies to follow successfully. Women are too exacting in their speculations. They must win at least twice out of three times. Further, nothing short of 10-to-1 chances would satisfy

William the Third.



LESTER REIFF ON VOLODYOVSKI RETURNING TO WEIGH IN.

them. And, win or lose, you must give them a thousand-and-one reasons, although they themselves could not hope to cope successfully with you at this particular feat.

*Riding.* I wonder the Handicappers do not stipulate for certain jockeys to always ride certain horses when the weight suits. We find gambling owners putting up stable-boys when they want to get the weight off. Then, when they have horses in to their liking, they employ some of the best American jockeys, and, of course, scoop the pool. Now, I have a suggestion to make—it is that Handicappers be ordered to take little or no notice of the running of horses when they are ridden by stable-lads, and, after they have been so ridden, they should be handicapped on their best book-form until they are handled by good jockeys. It is truly pitiful to find scores of very moderate English jockeys tramping the world in search of bread-and-butter all the time we are witnessing meritorious victories gained in this country by real live American jockeys.

*Doping.* I fancy some trainers do dope their horses; indeed, the in-and-out running shown by many animals proves to my mind that on occasion a stimulant is resorted to. I happened, quite accidentally, to overhear a trainer say to an owner the other day, "It will be all right, sir, if the start takes place within a quarter of an hour of the white flag going up." This may mean anything, but the horse referred to looked all over like a doped animal, but he ran kindly enough and won easily. Now, I, for one, do not object to the use of stimulants for horses, but, for the protection of backers, they should, once used, be always used, as it is unfair to try with horses one day and run byes the next. The American jockeys, one and all, declare there is no such thing as dope in this country, and they further assert that they would not ride chemically prepared horses.



VOLODYOVSKI, WINNER OF THE DERBY, STANDING FOR "THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHER JUST AFTER HIS VICTORY.

Mr. W. C. Whitney's Volodyovski, by Florizel II.—La Reine (L Reiff up), beat William the Third by three-quarters of a length, and there were four lengths between the second and Veronese, the third horse.

*Sloan.* If Tod Sloan takes my advice, he will follow Brer Rabbit and lie low. It may be just as well to tell all whom it may concern that the English Jockey Club is constitutionally the most autocratic ruling body in the world, the Czar of Russia not even excepted. It is theirs to do without giving the reason why. But the Club is composed of gentlemen of honour only, and they can be relied on to never deal out harsh justice. On the other hand, when they do act, public opinion is with them, inasmuch as the racing public have the most perfect confidence in the Turf Senators who strive to uphold the glorious traditions of honourable sport. The mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small, and those who in any way break the laws of the Jockey Club are sure to find Nemesis overtaking them sooner or later. No one has pleaded Sloan's cause more fervently than I have, because in his absence we are without an artist of the very top class, but I maintain that the authority of the Jockey Club should be upheld at all costs, and mere sentiment should not be allowed to weigh with them.

CAPTAIN COE.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the croaking prognostications of the gloomily minded who foretold that an Ascot without the salt and savour of Royalty could make only a middle-class meeting, recruited from without the pale of the delectable "Debrett," there is, nevertheless, a promise and prospect of ample gaiety during the great week. Numbers of houses have been taken in the neighbourhood of the famous Heath, and the Enclosure arrangements for this year will, beyond doubt, obtain the appreciation of the socially eligible by reason of the discrimination which the powers that be are exercising in the matter of admittance to that Eden of the Elect. I have seen frocks in preparation that might make the mouth of even a Mother Abbess water, so bewilderingly be-laced and embroidered and overlaid are they with fine effects of needlecraft and dainty stitchery.

Every year we have been in the habit of saying that fashions grow increasingly extravagant, but French mode-makers seem to have surpassed themselves in this Anno Domini of grace and amplification, the passion of fashion having been carried so far as to decorate even real lace with real gems, while the costliness of hand-painted gauze or mousseline is regarded as the most ordinary wearable by callously spendthrift customs. A dress of shamrock-patterned Limerick lace over the palest of elusive green silks, bibbed with silver tissue, a shamrock-patterned parasol to match, and a black picture-hat, are all destined for an Irish beauty, as in duty bound. Another rosebud of last year's débantes who still blooms alone—by her own choice, I truly believe—



FOR ASCOT: SPOTTED MUSLIN OVER PALE BLUE.

daisies, just the tiny bud only, with pink and white petals and green stalks. A black velvet waistbelt and a "plate" hat smothered in daisy-chains complete an idyllic costume of neither roses, raptures, lilies, nor languors, but just the wee simplicity of the peeping daisy.

Notwithstanding the excitements of Volodyovski's win and a tiring day generally, as Derby Day ever is and will be, the Opera on the eventful



[Copyright.]

A SMART LINEN DRESS FOR THE PARK.

evening was well attended by a smart audience, to whom Wagner at 7.30, after a hard day's racing, brought no abatement of energy. Lady Troubridge, whose forthcoming play is amongst Imperial Theatre events, was dressed in white, and Lady Grey Egerton in mourning black with one of the little flower-wreaths that are so fashionable now in her hair.

There was, of course, a crowd of men. Perambulating bachelors are a feature at the Opera, where they can wander from box to box and exchange current banalities with friends of the other gender. Where they do not assemble in such force, however, is at the afternoon concert, which made it all the more surprising to such dozens of the genus *jeune homme* at Pachmann's recital. I believe it is partly that great maestro's delightfully quaint tricks of manner no less than his heaven-born talent which foregathers the frivolous. The way in which he takes the audience into his confidence in a dozen delightful though speechless ways is captivating in the extreme. Although it was a very hot day, and our great artist visibly distressed thereby, I actually saw women wearing furs. It made one feel limp to look at them. Camphor-bags are the correct accompaniment for sables in June, not shoulders, or, better still, those deliciously scented moth-killer sachets made by the Crown Perfumery Company and known as the "Moth Mort," which, without the infliction of grievous smells in one's boxes, gives the grub its *coup de grâce* in an equally effectual manner as the most uncompromising disinfectant. All furs should be laid by for the summer in company with these "Moth Mort" sachets.

has ordered four frocks for the four race-days: a mauve, a blue, a pink, a white, each a masterpiece to boot. The first is painted gauze, with mauve orchids on the mauve mousseline; a second is blue mousseline overlaid with turquoise velvet butterflies in a fluttering shower, the under-skirt being white satin; a third is white taffetas, spotted all over with pink

Now that warm evenings are presumably approaching, the Summer Clubs and the Welcome at Earl's Court will resume their annual gaiety of aspect, with colours flying, bands playing, well-dressed, solemn crowds promenading, and all the rest of it. If ever a Club lived up to its title, the last-mentioned is certainly that one, its catholic roll-call embracing perhaps the most divergent collection of social units in existence. But, if its portals are wide, its lawn is green and its arm-chairs are easy, while we all know that social conservatism is relentlessly regarded by the sedulous Committee of the dear Old Welcome Club. Perhaps the greatest attraction of all others at this year's Earl's Court will be found in the Old London section, where are established the Ideal Officers' Quarters of (let us hope) the future. Messrs. Norman and Stacey, of 118, Queen Victoria Street, whose eighteenth-century sign-manual is so familiar on hoarding and magazine-cover, are the pioneers and exploiters of this truly charming and artistic exhibition. As viewed from the soldier's point of view, these glorified "quarters," with their rich wall-hangings, specially designed furniture, and velvet carpets, must present an object-lesson of gentle irony as compared with the War Office allowance of "two chairs, one table, and fire-irons" which a recklessly grateful Government bestows on its warriors, and, as a timely hint of what is possible to a more paternal Administration Messrs. Norman and Stacey's exhibit is eloquence itself.

From the artist's standpoint, this beautiful series of rooms makes a harmonious *coup d'œil* of which the most critical can ask nothing more; and it is very evident that a highly cultured taste directs and organises this enormously successful business, which many years ago started into being as the pioneer of the Instalment plan, and to-day stands in competition with the first furnishing firms not only of this country but America who proclaim the Triple Alliance of Ready Money, Excellent Workmanship, and Moderate Charges.

To those about to furnish who cannot encompass the necessary amount of vulgar fractions, otherwise recognisable as "cash down," a word may be said about Messrs. Norman and Stacey's easy system of payments, which can be arranged on a scale according to income. A life insurance is, moreover, given each purchaser which safeguards his family against loss in case of death, all former payments being then returned, while the furniture remains the property of the family. A liberal arrangement this, truly, and one which has proved a bulwark against the storm and stress of life to many thousands of the appreciative better-class public which go to add up the long roll-call of Messrs. Norman and Stacey's *clientèle*.

The delightfully quaint version of an entrance-hall shown on this page gives but an imperfect idea of its attractive original at Earl's Court. From it one enters boudoir and bedroom of married officers' quarters. Nor is the unattached subaltern or misogynist Major forgotten, as a



ENTRANCE-HALL TO OFFICERS' IDEAL QUARTERS IN MESSRS. NORMAN AND STACEY'S EXHIBIT AT EARL'S COURT.

view of the bachelor bedroom amply demonstrates. The dining-room and card-room are the realisations of all a man desires in this respect; while the ante-room, with its green stamped-linen walls and large glazed

window, shows how the artist can circumvent the builder in turning, as Messrs. Norman and Stacey have done, an ugly room into a beautiful one. In a word, if Earl's Court be one of the summer sights of London, the Ideal Officers' Quarters are the sight of Earl's Court.

SYBIL.

#### HONOUR WHERE HONOUR WAS DUE.

The gala performance at the Paris Opera in honour of Marie Laurent was the most colossal success in the memory of modern playgoers. Adelina Patti, Réjane, Mounet Sully—oh! say everyone known in the theatrical world—had gathered to honour the great actress and the large-and noble-hearted woman. Marie Laurent seventy-six years of age! It seems impossible. Three months ago, I saw her at the Ambigu, in "Chanson de Pays," and, on the principle that a woman is as old as she looks and a man as he feels, I should have given her forty-five at the most. Seventy years ago she was an actress, to the dismay of her parents, who were artistes themselves. Whenever little Marie was sent out to buy any provisions, she was surrounded by the children, and, forgetting all about the commission, she would throw down her little basket and give a theatrical display. I pass over her creations, which are almost endless. I speak more of the woman who has so thoroughly endeared herself to the French through her kindness. She taught her brothers and sisters the value of a little thought for a rainy day, and then founded the Home for Actors' Children which is the glory of the profession. Her conduct during the Franco-German War earned for her the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Under her care, the *foyer* of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre was a paradise for the wounded soldiers. Marie Laurent came from the stage in costume during the *entr'actes* and looked after the lads, and, when the play was over, would delight them by reading some simple story from Hugo or de Musset. By all classes the great actress is revered, and deservedly so, and the thousands of flowers in the bouquets that were offered her represented only, one by one, some good act or another, I am sure, in her life.

#### JOHN MORLEY EXPLAINS THE CARNEGIE TRUST.

Mr. John Morley, M.P., who has known Mr. Carnegie for twenty years, and who is to be one of the members of the Carnegie Trust, has explained a little more fully how the two millions destined by the great multi-millionaire for the Scottish Universities are to be expended. The annual income from the funds invested will yield £104,000. Half of this sum is to be expended in strengthening the Universities of Scotland in the Faculties of Science and Medicine, and in subjects outside of these, such as history, modern languages, and literature. The expenditure may be devoted to the construction of laboratories, museums, and libraries, or in instituting scholarships for scientific research. The second half is to be expended in paying the fees of those Scottish students, male or female, who care to take advantage of the funds and who need such assistance. Any surplus income will be devoted to extending lectureships or evening-classes outside the Universities. Mr. Carnegie by first post after the announcement of his great scheme received seventeen hundred and fifty letters upon the subject. But how many has he received since? At the banquet to Americans in London, Mr. Carnegie spoke upon the kind of patriotism which extended to members of the whole English-speaking race. I fancy he is proving that he has this patriotism himself!

#### TATTENHAM CORNER'S COIGN OF VANTAGE.

"Far from the madding crowd's" ignoble strife and dust and heat, I found a delightful oasis from which to watch the race for the Derby. Catching the train which the South-Eastern Railway Company ran about noon from Charing Cross Terminus through the loveliest country to the new Tattenham Corner Station, and taking mental note of a salubrious site beyond Purley on which to build my ideal country-house when "my ship comes home," I soon found myself on the Company's Grand Stand hillock, whence a comprehensive view of the marvellous multitude on Epsom Downs was to be enjoyed, and a splendid sight obtained of the Derby competitors as they swept round the sharp "Corner," led by Olympian, and rushed down the straight, where L. Reiff brought Volodyovski to the front, winning the great race cleverly at the finish, with William the Third second, and Veronese in the third place. So fresh, pure, and invigorating is the air at Tattenham Corner, and so beautiful the far-spreading landscape of the rolling downs, environed by well-wooded Surrey hills, that I shouldn't be surprised to see a second Epsom township springing up close by in the near future.

LONDON TO THE SOUTH COAST, ISLE OF WIGHT, AND FRENCH SEASIDE RESORTS.—With June commenced the tourist and excursion season of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, and in the programme will be found announced cheap week-end tickets to be issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to all places on the South Coast, from Hastings to Portsmouth inclusive, and to all places in the Isle of Wight; also to Dieppe, the Parisian's favourite resort on the Normandy coast, with its handsome Casino, new Marine Promenade, fine golf-links, and good roads for cycling.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 26.*

## MISCELLANEOUS MINING SHARES.

THERE is considerably more animation than usual now prevailing in the market devoted to Miscellaneous Mining shares, and Indian varieties are almost active. Some of the cheaper kinds have sprung into notice, the spurt in Nine Reefs drawing attention to others of like gambling character. We must repeat our former caution as regards shares of this class, and the buyer who has a flutter in them



OLD WORKINGS ON THE WEST AFRICAN COAST.

should be fully prepared for taking up his purchases and waiting a long time, perhaps, without seeing any return on his money. The Champion Reef Company's new issue at £5 has been well received, and there is a market difference of 5s. between the quotations for the old and the new shares. This, however, shrinks to about 2s. 6d. when it is pointed out that the new shares rank for dividend only from the beginning of June, while the others carried two months' dividend prior to this. Another new issue, however, is much more worth attention by those who think of patronising the company. Waihi new can be bought at a shade under 4 premium; they were issued at £1. A careful calculation shows that these new shares are valued at nearly 10s. under the senior issue, this, of course, allowing for difference in dividend and also for the interest allowed by the company during the time the shares remain partly paid. The severe fall in Waihi which has taken place since the end of March is still prejudicing the market against the shares, as no valid reason is ascertainable in order to account for the shrinkage. But at their present reduced figure they would seem a fair speculation, and the new, as we have said, are 10s. cheaper as an investment than the old. Mount Lyells are also puzzling the market from their continued weakness, which is ascribed to Colonial sales on a large scale. The repeated report as to the Australian Broken Hill Company having found its "lode" again has not been accompanied by the sensational jump that usually greets these announcements. But Day Dawn P. C. shares, on an order to buy up all that the market had, rose appreciably, and the company is visited with one of those gleams of sunshine now so rare in its story. Etruscan Copper have suddenly jumped into the light and are freely talked to ten. The tip is supposed to have emanated from the Leather Market, of all places in the world! We should think that half ten would be too attractive a price for those who hold the shares to miss the chance of selling.

## OUR THROGMORTON STREET STROLLER.

The Stranger was beginning to find his walks down Throgmorton Street decidedly lucrative. Already, as a result of acting upon stray hints he had picked up, his books showed a substantial profit on Barnato Consols, Atchison Preference, and Grand Trunk Second Preference.

"I wonder when those Gold Coast Investments are going up?" he soliloquised the other afternoon as he strayed into the Street. "There's a small loss on them, and I don't like losing even a sixteenth. Wonder whether I can hear anything about them from some of these Johnnies?"

He took up his stand near one group that was engaged in earnest discussion, and, leaning upon his umbrella, assumed an attitude of brown study.

"...as I live," were the first words that greeted his wakeful ears. "No, not as long as I live will I ever touch a mining share again!" The speaker delivered the words with profound conviction.

"I know a man who said much about the same thing because the horse he backed didn't win the Oaks," said another, with a laugh. "Cheer up! Strattons are going better, although I rather think they may touch thirty shillings first. At that price you can help yourself, though."

"Well, what are they going to after they've touched thirty shillings?"

"Two pounds, at all events, and probably higher. Why, my dear fellow, the mine is doing awfully well; but, of course, Hammond won't force it. He is a first-rate man, and his policy, to my mind, will be one of gradual development and improvement."

"Then I oughtn't to sell my shares?" queried the first.

"Sell 'em? No, of course not! Sell Le Roi, if you have them, but not Strattons. They are quite safe for—"

The Stranger's umbrella suddenly slipped, and he saw stars for a moment. But he managed to prop himself against a buttress of the Stock Exchange, and his usual inquisitiveness quickly banished the hurt feeling caused by his tumble. He heard one man remarking—

"I grow more and more sick of this War every week." ("So do I," thought our friend.) "While it drags on like this, how can a man expect Kaffirs to grow lively?"

"And look at those truly awful casualty lists!" put in another.

"They are not the least mysterious part of the whole business," affirmed a third. "For myself, I fail to see how we can expect the end within less than a year, anyway."

"Go on!" cried a younger man. "It is evident that you are no bull of Kaffirs."

"Oh, but I am!" was the retort. "I bought them, and higher up, too. What I wonder is whether the time has arrived for averaging them."

"Isn't it one of your Stock Exchange axioms that things should be bought when it looks as though they'd never rise again?"

"Yes, of course. Only it is not always that a chap has the pluck to act up to the axioms of his Alma Mater, you see. Nevertheless, I fancy I shall have a few more Anglo-French and Randfontein as a start."

"Why not Chartered?" queried a bulky individual smoking a large cigar.

"They have not sufficient spring in them, it seems to me. Not but what I think they must go better in time, but it takes so long to put Chartered merely an eighth better, doesn't it?"

There were confirmatory signs from the others, and The Stranger thought his legs felt as though they would like to have a rest. So he took them to the "A.B.C." and, after ordering a cup of coffee, looked with interest at a group of five men talking earnestly round a corner-table. There was evidently some kind of altercation going on.

"I tell you," one voice emphatically declared, "I tell you that the market is not ripe for any more West African concerns. We have had far too many during the last six weeks, and if this kind of thing goes on, Jungles will be simply killed. You keep the concession in your pocket, and trot it out when there is more hope of the public catching on. Otherwise you will find your issue a miserable fiasco, however good the concern may be."

There had been one or two interruptions to this harangue, and at the end another voice continued—

"To a certain extent, I agree with Tom. But, however right he may be in his general conclusions, you can't get away from the fact that the Jungle Market is remarkably good."

"And the best things in it look as though they were going considerably better, too," added a third.

"What are the best things?" demanded another.

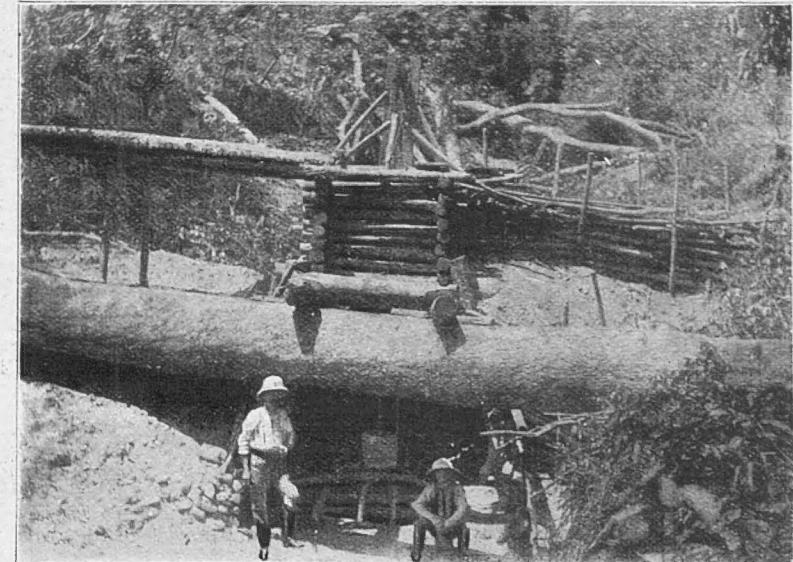
"Mostly the most expensive," came the reply. "Don't, as you value your money, go into any of those five to ten shilling touches. They are more speculative than a sweepstake on the Derby. The public's chances of making money out of 'cheap' West Africans are a thousand to one; perhaps wider."

"But was it not you who suggested Gold Coast Investments as a spec.?" he was asked.

The Stranger listened with all his ears.

"Certainly not! I told you to buy Investments *qua* investment, and not as a speculation."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" returned the other, with a ring of disappointment in his voice.



A MINING SHAFT ON THE WEST AFRICAN COAST.

"Decidedly. Hullo, here's Little Billee! Come on, old chappie! Room for one here."

The Stranger thoughtfully swallowed his coffee, paid his bill, and strolled upstairs again. He made his way to Shorter's Court, and watched with considerable interest the little pink slips, containing prices red-hot from New York, handed out to the arbitrage firms through the pigeon-holes of the Anglo Company.

"They tell me that the rise in Yankees is being overdone as much as the fall was," said one man to another, re-lighting his pipe. "Look at Louisville and Atchisons! They're awfully toppy, you know."

"'Topy?' What do you mean by 'toppy'?"

"Oh! about as near the top as they are likely to go, and with a look about them as though a fall would do them good. I should hesitate to buy them now."

"I hear that the insiders are buying up every Steel Preference that comes into the market," said the other, somewhat irrelevantly. The Stranger considered.

"I am a bit frightened of Steels too," rejoined the first. "There's a talk of 4 per cent. being paid on the Common, but you *can't* put any faith at all in these American yarns."

"Quite so! And these tales have all the same object, or nearly so, haven't they? Not one in a dozen is circulated with the idea of putting prices *down*."

The Stranger fancied he was being watched, and turned to go. "Suppose I mustn't buy myself any Americans, then," he concluded. "All the same, I shall keep those Atchison Pref. for 110." And he walked up Bartholomew Lane.

#### BROKEN HILL.

Our Broken Hill Correspondent sends us the following supplement to his letter published in our issue of May 29, which may be of use to those numerous readers who are interested in the great silver-field, and especially in the Sulphide Corporation—

Broken Hill; May 1, 1901.

The British and Block 14 managements have decided *not* to close down, though various economies are to be adopted. The British will dock each man one shift per fortnight. The Junction, however, has determined to close down altogether, re-treatment plant and all, and has made application for six months' exemption from Labour conditions. The other mines will go on as before.

To-day things appear much brighter than a week ago. Shares are up, lead is reported ditto, and the heart of man maketh glad generally. By the way, the Central Mine (Sulphide Corporation) is at present treating 20,000 tons per week, the full capacity of the mill. Cost of mining has been much decreased of late, and the profit of the company, even at present lead prices, is big. The Central is one of the biggest mines on the Barrier, and will long continue so. Shares are at an absurdly low price at present, even allowing for the large number in the company.

In spite of the depression, the larger mines having absorbed many of the men put off the Junction, Junction North, Block 14, and so on, there are only 320 less men employed on the mines to-day than at the end of December.

#### J. W. BENSON, LIMITED.

From the report and accounts of this company, which has just been issued, the year's trading must be considered very satisfactory to the shareholders. The share capital is £500,000, divided into one half 5 per cent. Preference and one half Ordinary, and the profit for the year ending March 31 last—a notoriously bad year for the jewellery trade—was £54,597; or, allowing for depreciation, income tax, and audit fees, £52,433; that is, well over 10 per cent. on the capital. The Preference shareholders ought to be satisfied with their holding, for, after providing for their year's dividend, there is a sum available sufficient to raise the reserve fund to £50,000, to distribute £25,000 upon the Ordinary shares by way of dividend, and carry forward the sum of £12,685, or practically the same amount as was brought in from the previous year. Messrs. Broads, Peterson, and Co., who are the company's auditors, give a certificate in the most satisfactory form, and attest the correctness of the figures without any qualification. For people who want 4½ per cent. on reasonable security, the £10 Cumulative Preference shares at about 10½ are not to be despised.

Saturday, June 8, 1901.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

CÆSAR.—We have a poor opinion of the concern, which was grossly over-capitalised. We hear that the new Managing Director is improving the business. The amount you hold is so small that you had better stick to it for the present.

SUBSCRIBER.—The City Police have been able to tell us nothing about the gentleman in question, but we are making further inquiries in the district in which he carries on his business.

E. B.—(1) See this week's "Notes." (2) As to Hardebeck shares, we hear the report, which will be out next month, will be a very fair one. It is absurd to sell at ruling prices. You had better hold on.

SCORER.—The name and address has been sent to you. The idea of buying and holding such things as you name is promising.

DAISY.—We have no reason to doubt the firm you mention, although we do not personally know them. You are unduly nervous.

EVERETT.—The people are outside brokers and touts of the worst kind; if you have dealings with them you are sure to lose your money. The book is a mere encouragement to gambling which no respectable man would circulate. If you want to invest your money, why not employ a respectable member of the Stock Exchange? We will send you the name of a firm that can be trusted if you wish.

ARNHEM.—Whether your Yankee Rails have reached the top or not is a question which we would rather not answer. If you have reasonable profits, you had better take them; or, at least, part of them. We cannot read your *nom-de-guerre*.

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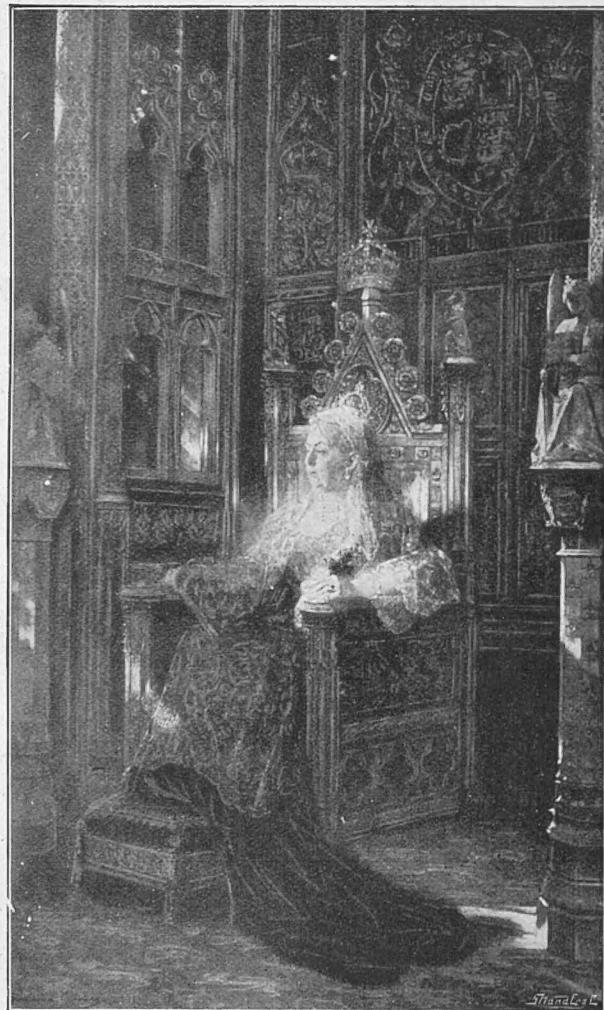


"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

In view of the return from South Africa of a large number of our Volunteers, we announce that a few Prints at 5s. and a small number of Artist's Proofs of this Picture are still to be had; size, with margin, 18 by 24 inches.

#### BENJAMIN-CONSTANT'S GREAT PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Exhibited at the Paris Exhibition and at the Royal Academy.



Shand-Leslie

Ready shortly, 100 Coloured Photogravures, all Proofs, at Twenty Guineas each; 500 Photogravures, all Artist's Proofs, at £10 10s. each, now nearly all subscribed; unsigned Proofs, also limited, at £5 5s.; Prints, £3 3s.

Subscribers to the Photogravures will be pleased to learn that M. Benjamin-Constant has passed the first impression from the copper-plate, and has endorsed it with the remark—"Cette épreuve est magnifique; rien à retoucher."

This Portrait of the late Queen is now at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, where it is especially honoured by command of His Majesty the King.

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